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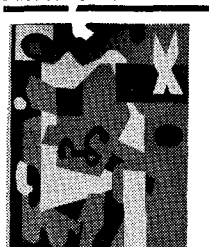

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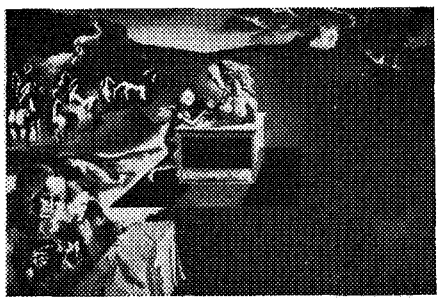

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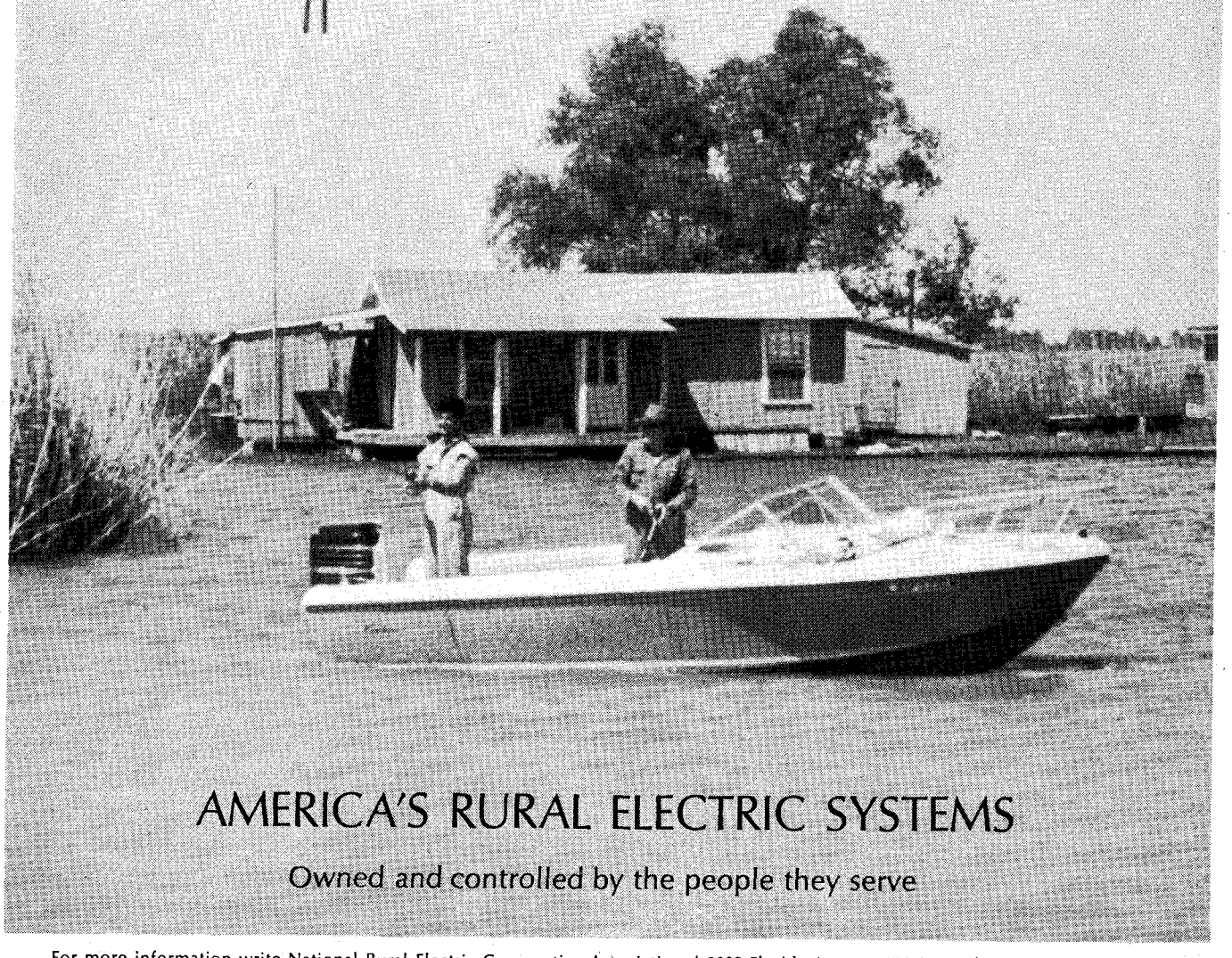

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TRB

from Washington

The Moon and the Market

If the moon flight succeeds, next Sunday is the night nobody goes to bed. Sometime early Monday morning Neil Armstrong, middle initial A, from Ohio, USA – home town Wapakoneta – will step out gingerly on the lunar surface and, accompanied by astronaut Aldrin, will go straightaway about those ceremonial rites which will stamp the affair as authentically terrestrial. He will unveil a plaque with a noble sentiment rather conspicuously signed by Richard M. Nixon, and implant an American flag which, owing to the odd circumstance that there is no atmosphere and hence no breeze, will be stretched out into a permanent flutter by a rigid support.

Some people wanted the astronauts to set up a United Nations flag alongside the Stars and Stripes but after a flurry of bitter opposition, this idea was dropped. Omitted also was a proposed send-off dinner with Mr. Nixon which would doubtless have raised the astronauts' elan to a high pitch, but was regretfully omitted lest the President contaminate them. Flippancy aside, it is a solemn and majestic adventure which, among other things, makes it difficult for a Washington reporter to concentrate on mundane matters the week before.

But the world does not stop even if a trio of astronauts get off it, and some rather serious matters are afoot here. For one thing, the stockmarket seems to be trying to tell us something. It made a new low for the year the middle of last week with a paper loss on the big board since May 14 of around $50 billion, as Wall Street reckons these things. The message seems to be coming through that investors are voting their doubts. They think anti-inflation brakes are taking hold.

Everybody agrees the present rate of inflation is intolerable, and both Presidents Johnson and Nixon put the brakes on to try to halt it. This is done clumsily under our economic system; to halt prices the accepted procedure is to slow down the whole economy. This process is now in full force, the question is whether the slowdown itself can be kept under control. The maneuver sometimes turns into a recession and it always, repeat always, tends to raise unemployment.

The stockmarket (Dow Jones Industrial average) was around 970 in mid-May and some thought it was headed for 1000; then it rapidly lost about 100 points, or around 10 percent. This was quite an airpocket! Investors fear reduced profits, but the place where the real social pinch comes is in lost jobs of poor people, particularly black people. They are the casualties in the war on inflation; they are the unnamed victims of recession napalm.

Maybe the stockmarket will bounce back in a temporary recovery; many cool observers expect this but, over the longer run, think prices are way out of line if recession comes.

Evidence seems conclusive that government-induced slowdown is beginning. The Fed has pushed interest rates up to a point where middle and small businesses are beginning to scream (the giant corporations aren't much bothered because they normally have independent sources of funds). The banks are making fat profits. The building industry is hurting badly. But the one who will feel it worst is the little man who loses his job.

Masses of workers have not been able to keep up with inflation and are just getting ready to ask for big wage increases. The facts are evident. Prices have been going up at a six percent rate, so in order to get a three percent increase in living standards trade unions will negotiate for nine percent. The Department of Labor put out some statistics recently: a typical worker with a family of three dependents averaged a dollar and a quarter more in his pay envelope in the past six months, but his "real" wage had gone down *two* dollars and a quarter. He was falling behind and was plenty sore.

Unemployment has crept up a little; it was down to 3.3 percent and is now around 3.5 percent – which is still extraordinarily low. An increase of one percent would mean an additional 830,000 out of work a year from now. But that isn't the real story; the black is the one who is last hired and first fired and even now idleness among blacks is probably twice that among whites. Many black teenagers in the ghetto are never hired at all; they are the ones who stand around idle on street corners hating society and are told to obey law and order. Their unemployment now may be around 20 percent and if a recession comes it could easily double.

That's why economists watch with fascinated interest the figures on "nonwhite unemployment" gathered every two months by the Department of Labor. It's as important in measuring tension in our city climate as the pressure gauge is to the astronauts going to the moon. Unemployment of nonwhites is rising. At the start of the year it was down to 5.7 percent and it has crept up to 7 percent. There is no doubt at all that it will rise farther as the economy slows, though where the explosion point is nobody knows.

Meanwhile there has been a rather shocking diminution of confidence in President Nixon here, though it may not have communicated itself to the country at large. (Everybody in Washington is a full-time President-watcher; outside it's only a part-time job.) It is suddenly discovered that Mr. Nixon is a conservative. Well, so what? What else is new? The second discovery is more surprising; it is of extraordinary ineptitude.

What in the world could explain that long vacillation over Dr. Knowles? Why keep Gov. Rockefeller batting his head against Latin American hostility? The unnecessary attack on Clark Clifford; the failure to realize approaching trouble over 10 percent surtax renewal; the cringing to Everett Dirksen and the AMA; the retreat on guidelines for Southern electoral registration and school desegregation – these came all in a bunch.

Gen. Eisenhower got on pretty well with a Democratic Congress. But he was a war hero with charisma; Mr. Nixon is different; he needs communicable warmth. A White House-Congressional deadlock would be too bad; it would slow things down. But there is little spark in Nixon's leadership.

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Sorry You Asked That

The first American fighting unit of 814 men left Vietnam last week, four years and four months after the Marines first arrived there. Yet in this country there is as much irritable uncertainty as ever about when and how the war will end. Former Defense Secretary Clark Clifford said we should get 250,000 men out of there by 1971. President Nixon said he hopes to beat that timetable, but hardly anybody believes he will, and even if he does there will then still be 280,000 American troops in Vietnam – many thousands more than the combined Vietcong and North Vietnamese strength at any stage. The chief cause of skepticism is that this Administration, like its predecessor and probably deliberately, is asking the wrong questions about the war; just as the Senate, not deliberately, is asking the wrong questions about the ABM. In neither case is the pertinent question, Can we win or Will it work, but Should we be doing it? In both instances, Vietnam and the ABM, the right answer is no. But it's impossible to get the right answer until the right question is asked. On Vietnam as on the ABM, the deep and true instinct of the country is to be against them, not on any technical-military-scientific grounds, but because people feel Vietnam and ABM's are intrinsically wrong. And people are right. The Senate, in trying to decide whether or not ABM should be built, is digging itself deeper and deeper into a black pit by attempting to figure if ABM is mechanically workable. It may be assumed that the nation that proposes landing a man on the moon can find a way to knock down a missile before it hits its target. With what degree of accuracy, and how many missiles, is fit speculation and calculation for experts, or for computers; it isn't or oughtn't to be the main business of the US Senate. Operating at their proper high political level, the Senators should ask what happens if an ABM is built and functions. Will America be safer? Will humanity? The answer, which any amount of technological data only reinforces, is that the more such weapons are acquired, the less safe the world becomes. The weapons spiral feeds on insecurity and breeds insecurity. The only arms path that leads to safety is the path that goes down for everyone. The arms paths that slope still further upward take us all that much closer to the brink of annihilation.

In similar fashion, the only way to get out of Vietnam is to decide

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to do it. Feasibility is not the question; the desirability of continuing the war is the question. The previous Administration, under unremitting public pressure, came finally and reluctantly to pay lip service to this simple truth. But it was never more than lip service, nor is it much more than that now. That is why Senator Eugene McCarthy said last week that President Nixon has "had more than enough time" to take significant steps to end the war. That is why Senator Frank Church made the following angry and despondent, but accurate summing-up: "We have waited for some indication of a substantial change in the policy . . . I too have failed to detect such a change." Mr. Nixon's seeming inability or reluctance to yet find in Vietnam a door marked Exit is not surprising. He has the weight of the new, hawkish Laird Pentagon to contend with, as well as his own nostalgic attachment to the cold war simplicities of the fifties. But it's disappointing, nonetheless. For Mr. Nixon is after all a wily politician with a sharp eye on the 1970 elections, which might give him control of Congress. His June 19 rejoinder to Clark Clifford about a Vietnam withdrawal seemed to make his awareness plain for all to see. Moreover, there has occurred, since last August, a fairly massive movement of North Vietnamese military units out of South Vietnam; four divisions, followed back north this past month by two, possibly three regiments, the 27th, 36th and 138th. These moves have been reported by the US military both in Washington and in Saigon; if correct, and why doubt the Pentagon on such a matter, they mean that virtually all the North Vietnamese fighting units have withdrawn from the South.

But like Lord Nelson turning his blind eye on the Danes' peace flags, Mr. Nixon as of last week seemed determined not to see the exit signs even when they're lit up for him. In spite of the North Vietnamese pullouts and despite sharp decreases in enemy military activity, American troops in Vietnam continue "at a full level of operations" (i.e., 12 operations of battalion size or larger; B52's dropping thousands of tons of bombs; etc). In what may well qualify as the most inept remark to issue from the State Department this year, Secretary Rogers on July 2 laboriously explained to newsmen: "If we find that the other side is not fighting as they have been, then we will have to review our military planning, but it depends on what happens." What *has* happened, according to the Pentagon and the US military in Saigon, is that the North Vietnamese have withdrawn and the Vietcong are relatively inactive, yet the US forces in Vietnam are as active as ever. Rogers bumbled on as if quite unaware: "If the other side wants to deescalate the war the best way to deescalate the war is to withdraw troops." This is shocking, unpardonable, and criminal if it pulls the North Vietnamese back into the South once they conclude that withdrawal and deescalation *don't* work.

Desegregation Slow-Down?

The Assistant Attorney General in charge of civil rights enforcement, Jerris Leonard, came as near as anybody in the Nixon Administration did to acknowledging the outrageous cynicism of the statement of school desegregation policy issued on July 2. "I assume," Leonard said, "that there are people who can read it any way that they want to read it and undoubtedly will." They did. Ronald Ziegler, the White House press secretary, said that it exactly expressed Mr. Nixon's desires and policy. Senator Strom Thurmond of South Carolina, who had relentlessly demanded some such statement from the Administration, said that it was "an improvement over past policy," though not as much of "an improvement" as he would like. Federal Judge Ben C. Dawkins, Jr., of Louisiana, calling it "a sort of new breath of fresh air," used it as a pretext to reject the compliance plans submitted to him by 37 Louisiana school districts and ordered the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare's civil rights office to renegotiate milder proposals for integrating their segregated public schools. Local boards throughout the lower South bombarded HEW's Atlanta office with inquiries as to whether the statement really promised them, as it seemed to, more time to stall off genuine integration. They were told that it really didn't, in most cases, but they had every reason to judge that it really might. Roy Wilkins of the NAACP said at his organization's national convention in Jackson, Miss., that "It's almost enough to make you want to vomit."

HEW Secretary Robert H. Finch and Attorney General John N. Mitchell said in the statement, issued in their names, that it set forth "new, coordinated procedures, not new 'guidelines'" for enforcing integrated "quality public education" in the South and – they made a great point of this – nationally as well. Leonard and two Finch subordinates, Under Secretary John Veneman and Civil Rights Director Leon Panetta, spent most of a long press conference insisting that the statement did not mean what it said about the past folly of fixing "arbitrary" deadlines for compliance with the court decisions, laws and regulations that, since 1954, have declared the racial segregation of publicly supported schools to be unconstitutional and illegal. Finch and Panetta drafted a letter to Southern school authorities, telling them in effect that they should disregard the statement and its seeming promise that districts with "bona fide educational and administrative problems" would be allowed "additional time" beyond this fall or the fall of 1970 at the latest to begin the integration of segregated schools. A very few districts – maybe 10, maybe 20 – might get the "additional time." But for most of the 121 holdout districts already deprived of federal funds, the 113

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threatened with cutoffs, and 150 others in clear violation, the previous 1969-70 deadlines for at least a start toward genuine compliance still held.

If the Southern recipients believed this, they had to believe that they had been deliberately deceived at the direction and upon the explicit authority of President Nixon. Attorney General Mitchell and the White House assistants who acted for the President throughout the weeks of heated argument that preceded and produced the statement made it harshly clear to Panetta and others who tried to hold the line for honest enforcement that the purpose of the exercise was to persuade Nixon's Southern supporters that they had not looked entirely in vain to him for relief from the constitutional and statutory requirements that they integrate the remaining minority of segregated public schools.

A mighty show of national enforcement followed the statement. The school systems in Chicago and Waterbury, Conn., along with Georgia's state system and several local Southern districts, were variously threatened with desegregation suits and confronted with actual suits and cutoffs of federal funds. Without exception, all of these proceedings and actions had been pending for many months at Justice and HEW. They had been delayed in order to offset the impression of planned retreat from constitutional decency given by the policy statement. As Roy Wilkins said . . .

Cheaper Oil

The tax structure, as everybody knows, babies the oil man. A less familiar indulgence, but one of comparable grandeur and complexity, is the bastion of mandatory oil import controls established in 1959 to guard the rich domestic market against intrusion of cheap foreign oil. That bastion may be breached. Senator Philip A. Hart's Judiciary subcommittee on Antitrust and Monopoly is giving it a critical look, as is a Cabinet-level task force.

Why should American consumers pay nearly double the world price for oil? "National security" has been the answer. The reasoning was and is that this nation, which produces more than a quarter of the world total and consumes more than one third, should not allow itself to become dependent on foreign supplies. Senator Hart's panel has been piling up evidence, however, that the oil industry here, despite the huge subsidy it enjoys, is not going to be able to keep up with expanding American demand. In addition, the Hart subcommittee has called attention to estimates by economists that the curbs on oil imports cost the US four- to seven-billion dollars a year. John M. Blair, the subcommittee's chief economist, maintains that the quota's cost over 10 years has been somewhere around $40-$50 billion.

Whatever the cost, the federal controls add up to a sweet subsidy for the oil industry by insulating the domestic market from foreign oil which, if allowed to come in unhindered, would quickly beat the price down. A barrel of light Iranian crude can be delivered to the American east coast for about $2 a barrel, including tanker haulage and a dime tariff. This compares with $3.78 for a barrel of East Texas sweet crude brought in by tanker to the Philadelphia-New Jersey area. Under the quota system, the US gets only about 20 percent of its oil from foreign sources. When one considers that the nation consumes more than 12 million barrels a day now, with demand expected to swell to more than 18 million barrels a day by 1980, it can be seen that supporting an American price well above the world market involves a lot of money.

Roughly speaking, the quota limits oil imports east of the Rocky Mountains to 12.2 percent of estimated domestic production and allows enough to come in to the West Coast, which has an oil deficit, to make up the difference between supply and demand. For this year, the Interior Department has estimated American output at 9,446,000 barrels a day and announced imports of 1,152,412 barrels east of the Rockies and 392,000 barrels to the West Coast. After overland shipments from Canada and Mexico are taken off the top, along with various other allocations, the remaining largesse is divvied up among refiners in the form of "tickets" which can be used for importing low-cost foreign oil or exchanged for domestic crude at a value of about $1.25 a barrel.

The barrier against cheap foreign oil was supposed to provide domestic producers with the money and incentive to expand oil reserves at home. But testimony before the Hart subcommittee has underlined that exploration and drilling in this country have declined in the 10 years since mandatory curbs were imposed. The overall effect of federal intervention in the oil industry – including foreign tax credits and the rest – is to promote wasteful production at home and encourage exploration abroad. About half the oil that moves in world trade is foreign oil that American companies produce and sell.

More than three-quarters of the world's known oil reserves are in the Middle East and North Africa. Even with the recent discovery of major reservoirs on Alaska's North Slope, this nation's ability to keep up with soaring domestic consumption is expected to decline. M. A. Wright, board chairman of Humble Oil, an affiliate of the giant Standard of New Jersey, has testified that by 1985 more than 80 percent of projected American production would have to come from reserves as yet undiscovered. Then why not, as Hart says, use more of the available low-cost foreign oil now and save US reserves for that rainy day?

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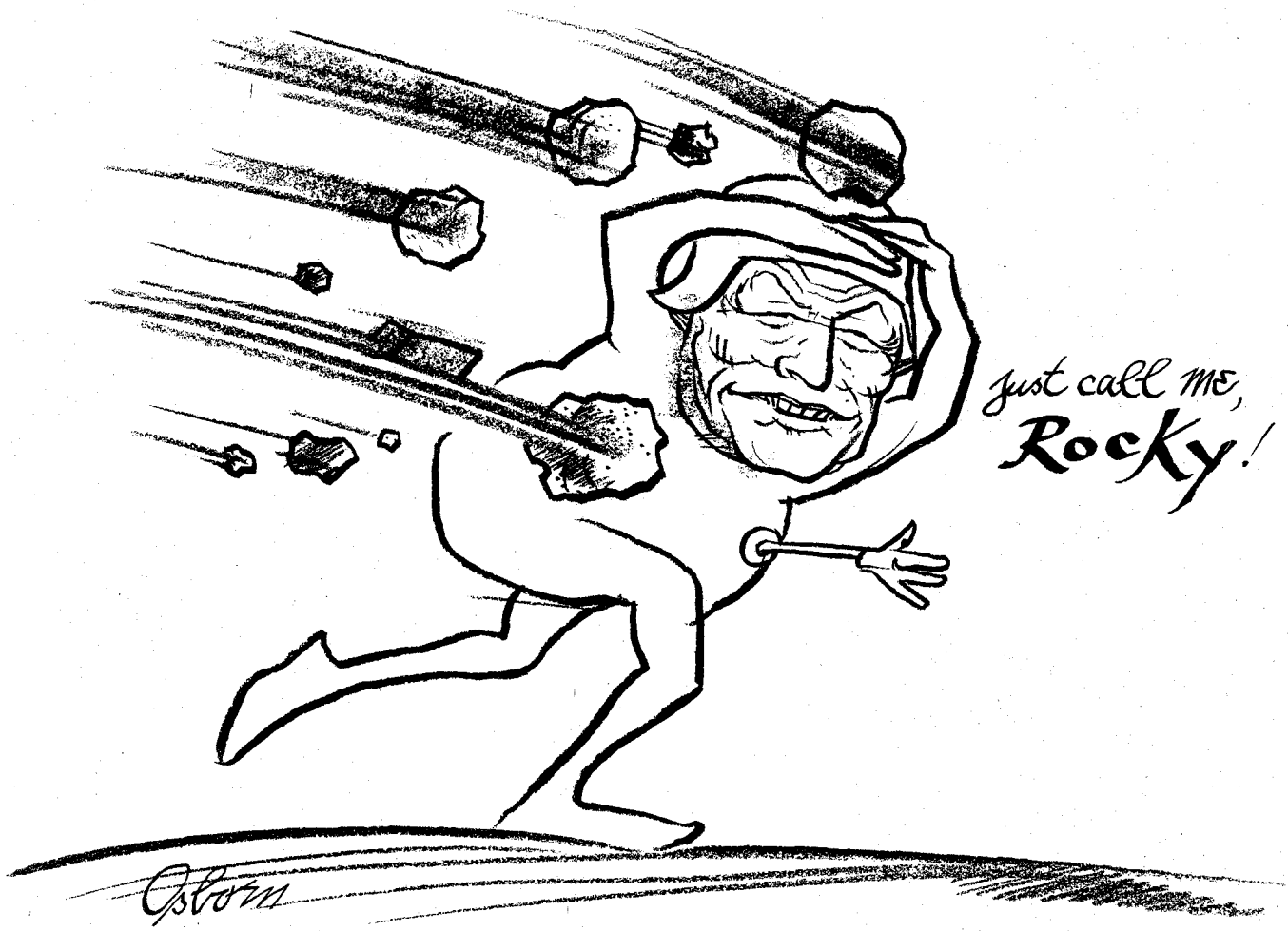
Rockefeller's Return

Nelson Rockefeller is home safe. It was a near thing. After leaving Argentina in a state of siege, on the fourth lap of his Latin American mission for President Nixon, the governor may have had the feeling that this country needed a friend, any friend it could get. How else is one to account for his visit to Haiti, much less for his romantic balcony scene in Port au Prince, arm-in-arm with President-for-life Duvalier, both grinning and waving triumphantly to the crowd of Tontons Macoute and hangers-on beneath. Papa Doc has been shooting his enemies and his suspected enemies, for years. Port au Prince school children go to witness executions, or displays of their results, as school children in Terre Haute go to visit the fire department or, perhaps, more aptly, the stockyards. We have maintained diplomatic relations with this fear-ridden country (cutting off aid, however, on President Kennedy's order), perhaps because there has been no single incident of sufficient magnitude to precipitate a break. But we have maintained them, until the balcony scene, in a properly cool and distant manner, the manner in which the governor of New York might recognize the head of the Mafia if they happened to meet at an exclusive private club. Whatever the explanation, the Duvalier meeting was a fitting climax to the Rockefeller pilgrimage, symbolizing at a glance the futility of the trip and the bankruptcy of the Alliance for Progress.

The trip was futile, because the Administration and Congress already knew what Latin America wants and needs: freer access to the US market. It has been hinted that Nixon hoped the trip would sway Congress away from protectionism. Possibly. One can more easily imagine Congress concluding that those ingrates down there don't appreciate anything we do for them. And yet, as noted several weeks ago ("Rockefeller's Bonfire," June 21), the only escape from poverty and inflation for the 20 nations south of the Rio Grande is capital accumulation through exports of everything from coffee to cotton, beef, minerals and manufactured goods. The largest obstacle to increasing exports is US trade and tariff restrictions.

The bankruptcy of the Alliance for Progress may be seen in many ways, but the most significant is in connection with agricultural land reform. What was new, in Kennedy's conception of the *Alianza*, was that aid would be given in proportion to housecleaning by the Latin American nations. Tax reform and land reform were the two keys to progress. Land reform has been carried out in Mexico and Bolivia, but in both cases it antedates the Alliance. It has been



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carried out in Cuba, which is not a member of the Alliance and was not offered the opportunity to meet Nelson Rockefeller. Most recently, if official reports are to be believed, it has been decreed in Peru, which refused a Rockefeller visit, and where we are living under a statutory requirement to suspend economic aid. Other countries, most notably Venezuela and Chile, which also declined to be visited by Rockefeller, have made some gestures in the direction of land reform. Unquestionably the least has been done in Paraguay and Haiti, where the governor received his warmest welcomes.

One feels sorry for Rockefeller. He did not make our Latin American policy, yet he was the instrument chosen to dramatize its failures. We are left with the governor's near-despairing comment, quoted by *Washington Post* correspondent John M. Goshko: "You've got to have a vision of what the hell we are trying to implement, and that's something that our Government's bureaucratic structure doesn't lend itself to."

Bald Eagles and People

The gradual extinction of the bald eagle and debilitating convulsions common among California grape pickers have a common cause – pesticides. The seven-year-old prophecies of Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring* are becoming realities as the billion-dollar pesticide industry goes on to peddle its wares unperturbed by actual or proposed federal regulation.

Two venerable Southern-agricultural institutions – the Senate Agriculture Committee and the Agriculture Department – are responsible for the industry's political sanguinity in Washington. Together they have successfully stymied any federal moves to control the sale and use of pesticides which, along with fertilizers, are responsible for the production of bumper crops on the limited acreage set by the farm subsidies program – another sacred cow of Southern agriculture. Year after year, the Senate Agriculture committee has killed Senator Gaylord Nelson's (D., Wis.) proposed ban on the interstate sale of DDT.

For a quarter of a century, the Agricultural Research Service of the Agriculture Department has vitiated the federal Insecticide, Fungicide and Rodenticide Act, which empowers it to register, prescribe labels for, and if dangerous, seize pesticides. Recent hearings before Rep. L. H. Fountain's (D., N.C.) subcommittee on Intergovernmental Relations have uncovered evidence of what is, at best, negligence and, at worst, venality. Some small samples:

► A cockroach killer with a warning on one side of "use only in well ventilated rooms" and directions on the reverse side beginning with "close all doors, windows and transoms. . . ."

► Insecticide pellet vaporizers being authorized for use in restaurant kitchens, despite the danger of food contamination pointed out to the ARS by the Public Health Service, the Food and Drug Administration and other federal, state and private agencies.

► The dearth of ARS initiative, implementing its legal power to check company sales records and initiate multiple seizures of dangerous pesticides. For 22 years ARS has persisted in seizing only the lethal stocks in one or two individual stores. Despite 400 reported cases (with perhaps ten times that number going unreported) of thallium poisoning in 1962-63 (mostly of children), and their own cancellation of thallium's registration in 1965, thallium rodenticides may still be purchased in many retail stores.

► A propensity to favor the products and complaints of certain companies. For example, Shell Oil company has registered, among 48 separate pesticide products, a "no pest strip" which only after several years of prodding by the Public Health Service, was finally required by ARS to carry a warning against its use in rooms where elderly people or infants are present. But it took only four days for ARS, upon receiving a complaint from Shell, to cancel the registration of a competing strip produced by a smaller company.

The coincidence of interests between the pesticide manufacturers (Shell, Dow Chemical, Union Carbide and American Cyanimid are among the major ones) and pertinent regulatory agencies of the federal government has only made state action that much more inevitable as the specter of ecological disaster becomes more visible.

DDT, the best known (its developer won a Nobel Prize for his feat) and most prevalent form of pesticide, has been singled out for special attention. New York stopped using it in city parks when its Director of Horticulture found natural predators, including the ladybug and the praying mantis, capable of doing a better, safer and cheaper job of controlling insect pests. Michigan, Arizona and California, finding their milk, fish and other food stuffs contaminated have placed controls on the use of DDT. Wisconsin has just completed several months of nationally audited hearings on pesticides. Their final report should encourage a number of other states to take action.

The focus of concern for pesticide regulation, however, may soon return to the federal level. The seizure of 4,000 pounds of DDT-contaminated salmon in Michigan last April prompted HEW Secretary Finch to appoint a commission to inquire into the benefits and dangers of various pesticides. Its final report is due next November. Meanwhile, the Department of Agriculture last week suspended the use of DDT and 8 other similar compounds for 30 days, pending another "review."

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Search-and-Destroy

Among the unexpected votes which helped swell the lopsided Senate confirmation of Otto F. Otepka as a member of the Subversive Activities Control Board, were those of Democrats Stuart Symington, William Proxmire, Clinton Anderson and Harrison Williams. They were joined by a handful of Republican moderates in their support of Mr. Nixon's decision to vindicate this martyr of the right wing – George Aiken, Mark Hatfield, Charles Mathias, Charles Percy, William Saxbe and Richard Schweiker.

Birch Bayh (D., Ind.) and Hugh Scott (R., Pa.) were special cases, however. They voted aye on Otepka, but they did more. They went on record earlier, approving a bill that would open the way for a new anti-subversive sweep throughout the government, quite possibly with Otepka as the head of a search-and-destroy mission that would make the McCarthyism of the early 1950's look like Amateur Night at the Bijou.

The bill, S.12, has attracted little attention, although it was the subject of lengthy hearings last year as S.2988 by the Senate Judiciary Committee's Internal Security Subcommittee. No one then thought it had the least chance of adoption. The White House passed the word that if it was enacted, President Johnson would veto it. Now, with the change of guard, the measure has somewhat brighter prospects.

After it was reintroduced this January, Senator Strom Thurmond linked the bill with the Otepka nomination and with Attorney General Mitchell's rejuvenation of the SACB by sending it some additional cases. "The proposed Internal Security Act of 1969 (S.12), now pending in the Senate," Thurmond said in his newsletter, "would set up a central security agency for all agencies of government, under the control of SACB. If this legislation passes, Mr. Otepka will once again deal with security evaluation, not only for the State Department but for the whole of government, including the State Department." Thurmond went on to say that the proposed legislation also would protect civil servants against "the kind of harassment Mr. Otepka received." He continued: "It is interesting that the anti-harassment provisions were copied from a bill first introduced in Congress in 1951 by Mr. Nixon himself. It is fitting that he has the opportunity to vindicate Mr. Otepka today."

Why did he need vindication? Because, four years ago, Otepka was suspended from the State Department for allegedly passing confidential papers to Julien G. Sourwine, general counsel of the Internal Security subcommittee. Secretary Rusk confirmed the verdict on Otepka, in December 1967. So did the US Civil Service Commission, in May 1968. The Commission's report on the case said it was "reasonable" for the State Department to remove Otepka "from the area where he has demonstrated capacity for harm," because "having taken this action one time he might well do it again." Last September the Board of Appeals affirmed the decision on Otepka once more. President Nixon nevertheless instructed Secretary Rogers to review the case. He did, and on February 19 the new Secretary of State wrote Otepka that his case had been "fully and exhaustively litigated" and would not be reopened. Senator Thomas F. Eagleton said on June 24 that in light of those facts, he couldn't see how the Senate could consent "to elevate Mr. Otepka to a position of even higher prestige and power in the field of security," after Otepka had been found by so many judges of his conduct to have "knowingly and willfully transmitted State Department security documents in violation of a Presidential directive," and finally been refused reinstatement by the new Secretary of State.

It is with that background in mind that one should examine a provision in the proposed "czar" bill, which Sourwine is said to have drafted, which allows the President to name the chairman of the SACB as director of the proposed Security Administration for Executive Departments. The director would hold office for a 10-year term and could be removed only for cause and after a formal hearing. Otepka would of course be available for chairman of the SACB should Nixon replace the present chairman, a Democrat.

In preparation for the hearings on the bill last year, Sourwine and the subcommittee chairman, James Eastland, tried to borrow Otepka for six weeks, because of "his knowledge and experience we believe uniquely qualify him as a personnel security expert." (Rusk said he couldn't spare Otepka from the Department.) Since then, Otepka's former assistant, John R. Norpel Jr., who was active in the right-wing campaign for Otepka's reinstatement, has joined Sourwine's subcommittee staff as director of research.

Because of the cozy way the Eastland subcommittee does business, it required several telephone calls to determine just what has happened to the security czar bill in recent weeks. Sourwine said that the subcommittee had reported it in amended form to the full committee; however, the report was confidential and only the full committee could make public the amendments or tell how members of the subcommittee voted. But the staff of the full committee, when queried, passed the buck back to Sourwine; it was up to him to make the details public, if he chose.

Meanwhile, other sources hinted that everyone on the subcommittee except Sam Ervin of North Carolina had signed the favorable report. Ervin's Southern slant on civil rights has sometimes overshadowed his efforts as chairman of the Constitutional Rights Subcommittee where, continuing the work of the late Thomas Hennings of Missouri, he has been pressing for enactment of a bill of rights for federal employees

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to protect them against such unwarranted invasions of privacy as unrestricted lie detector tests.

Aides to Bayh and Scott first told me their Senators were waiting to study the measure further before taking a position on it. But another source, familiar with the secret report, eventually cleared the air by reading off the list of signers. The names of Bayh and Scott were on it, along with Eastland, Dodd, McClellan, Byrd of West Virginia, Hruska, Dirksen and Thurmond. The amendments were mostly minor.

The bill is pending on the agenda of the full committee. When and if it is called for a vote, Bayh and Scott will have another chance to state their views, as will Edward Kennedy, who so far has said nothing.

Richard Dudman

MR. DUDMAN *is chief Washington correspondent for the* St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

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What the Poor Are Up Against in Texas

". . . I'm trying to bring my children up to the level that they won't have to steal but if a child is hungry and he goes to the store and he's not catching anybody looking, he's going to pick up that piece of bread and stick it in his pocket and say, 'I'm going to take this home to my brothers and sisters because we are hungry' . . . I've been so hungry myself until it's been hurting me to the bottom of my heart . . . I would like my children to eat . . . I wasn't hardly able to meet my needs with what I was getting; now, I can't say what I will do since my grant has been cut this low . . . this is what causes children to steal and gives them a record . . . I hope my children don't . . . but . . . you cannot tell what a child will do whenever he is hungry."

The speaker is black, a widow and the mother of six children, one of them totally disabled by cerebral palsy. The occasion is a hearing to appeal the 56 percent cut that the state of Texas has made in her Aid to Families with Dependent Children payment. She doesn't want to be on welfare. But she is unable to work because of a chronic illness and her disabled child, so she has no alternative. Before the cut in her AFDC check on May 1, she was receiving only $123. Now she receives $56 in AFDC. With Social Security payments of $82.50 a month, she is expected to feed, clothe and house herself and six children on $138.50 a month.

Her family is one of over 27,000 (with some 135,000 children) affected by the recent welfare cuts in Texas. Some have had their payments completely cut out because they have an income from another source (Social Security or child support).

The Welfare Department's new "budgeting procedures" allot $65 for an adult, $25 for each child, $49 for rent, $13 for utilities. For a family of one adult and four children, actual "need" is thus calculated at $227. But this amount is halved to $113.50 when there is any outside income, which then is deducted. If the outside amount were, say, $65 for child support, that would make the AFDC grant $48.50; if the child support were $115 a month, the AFDC grant would be zero. The new procedure has meant a moderate increase in welfare payments for a few families, because the maximum amount previously paid by the state of Texas to a welfare mother, no matter how many children she had, was $135. Now with $25 allotted for each child, a woman with six children and *no outside income* would receive $139, an increase of $4. However, if she receives child support or Social Security she is worse off than before. Those hardest hit are families with three or four children and such families are the bulk of AFDC recipients.

Voters refused to pass a constitutional amendment last November to raise welfare allocations from $60 million annually to $75 million. Texas is the only state where the ceiling on welfare is set in the constitution. The Texas legislature prefers to allocate the biggest share of welfare funds to Old Age Assistance (OAA), which goes predominantly to whites, rather than to AFDC which goes predominantly to blacks and Mexican-Americans. Of the $60 million budgeted for 1968, $48 million went for OAA, $6 million for AFDC. The rest went to the blind and disabled. There are about 229,000 persons on OAA, about 25 percent of the over-65 group in Texas.

To help with the crisis in welfare, $50,000 was raised in San Antonio from the county commissioners, city council, United Fund and the Council of Churches. This $50,000 was matched by an emergency grant from the regional OEO office in Austin. A similar effort to raise $44,000 was a flop in Fort Worth. Communities like Fort Worth, El Paso and San Antonio have been hardest hit by the cuts because they have food stamp programs and the people can no longer afford to buy food stamps. There have been disturbances in San Antonio associated with the "brown power" slogans of the Mexican-American Youth Organization (MAYO), said to be spreading into Texas from Los Angeles where the "Brown Berets" are the Mexican-American equivalent of the Black Panthers.

The Texas legislature, before adjourning the first week in June, provided for another try on August 5 to get voter approval to amend the state constitution, raising the welfare ceiling to $80 million. Anticipating voter refusal, the legislature went ahead and appro-

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priated the permitted $60 million with the exact same split between Old Age Assistance and AFDC – $48 million vs. $6 million, despite the fact that AFDC rolls are growing as a result of recent Supreme Court rulings on residency requirements.

A three-judge federal court in Dallas has been considering the constitutionality of the welfare ceiling, in a suit brought on behalf of welfare recipients by lawyers with the Dallas Legal Services Project, an OEO-funded program which provides legal aid to the poor. A major victory in the legal battle was won on July 1, when this court in a brief judgment on the portion of the suit contesting the legality of the welfare cuts issued a permanent injunction against the state of Texas, giving it 60 days to reinstate the welfare cuts or lose all federal subsidies to the state AFDC program. The judgment said the state had violated the 1967 Social Security Act, which called for cost-of-living increases for 11 welfare recipients, and which many believe was intended to set a national standard for welfare payments. The judges indicated that an opinion on the entire suit will be forthcoming; the delay suggests that the welfare ceiling may be declared unconstitutional. If that happens, the lawyers hope that a special session of the legislature will be called to appropriate funds to give welfare recipients a livable income.

A special session seems unlikely. The legislature showed its reluctance to raise taxes this session by passing a one-year, rather than a two-year appropriation which would have required new sales taxes. A sales-tax hike was made only last year. Texas has no income tax. Even with a new legislative session, welfare payments cannot be raised because of the constitutional restriction. So some 135,000 children in over 27,000 families who have gone hungry through May and June, have July and August yet to go.

Given the July 1 court ruling and no amendment of the constitution, on September 1 all AFDC payments will be stopped, because the state will not have the funds necessary to comply with the court ruling, thus losing its federal matching funds. The Texas constitution prohibits providing welfare payments without the federal government sharing a portion of the costs. Officials in Austin are beginning to push for passage of the amendment, because of their overriding fear that, if it fails, and AFDC payments are cut off completely, the federal government might intervene.

Of Texas' 254 counties, 106 have no food program whatsoever. There are 66,677 persons in these counties on public assistance, about one-third of them on AFDC. These counties are in Texas' oil-rich areas which are federally subsidized by the oil depletion allowance, and in some of the most highly federally subsidized farm areas in the state. Still others are near huge military installations, such as Fort Hood at Killeen and Sheppard Air Force Base in Wichita Falls. Districts with many counties lacking food programs are represented by some of the most influential members in Congress – like Rep. Wright Patman, chairman of the House Banking Committee; Rep. George Mahon, chairman of the Appropriations Committee; Rep. W. R. Poage, chairman of the Agriculture Committee.

Four of Texas' most heavily-populated counties, with large numbers of AFDC recipients, have commodity distribution: Harris (Houston), Dallas, Travis (Austin), and Galveston. All have central distribution points where persons who want commodities must come once a month to wait in long lines. The commodities come in bulk sizes, too large to be carried on public transport, and if you're at the end of the line you usually get a month's supply of flour and grits, since the canned fruits, meats and vegetables run out early.

Additionally, county officials in Texas have some of the most discriminatory requirements in the country. In San Patricio County on the Gulf Coast, unemployed fathers can get food aid only during the months of December, January and February (because of presumed seasonal employment the rest of the year). Anderson County and the City of Denison have residency requirements of one year.

Perhaps the only way to prevent severe hunger for 135,000 Texas children this summer is for the federal government to provide free food stamps for the whole state on an emergency basis, until the welfare situation can be stabilized either through court action or the legislature. But this approach, aside from all other political complexities, is blocked by a state statute which says *any* resources (in this case free food stamps) received by persons on welfare can be figured as income and thus cause a reduction in the amount of welfare received. In San Antonio this bureaucratic logic is being circumvented by having private contributions to buy food stamps funneled through the City Welfare Department, which issues vouchers to the hungry, who then turn them in to the state welfare office for food stamps.

South Carolina and Mississippi are now receiving food stamps free on an emergency basis. They are two of the three states (the other is Alabama) that ranked below Texas in welfare payments, before the cuts in Texas. Another reason for federal intervention is the attitude of Texas officials. Welfare Commissioner Burton Hackney testified before a congressional committee on hunger that there was none in Texas – only a problem of ignorance. "If a Mexican woman had a bushel of money, she would still feed those kids tortillas and beans." With the present cuts, $12.15 is allotted monthly to feed, clothe, house and medicate a child; $15 a month is allotted by the State Welfare Department to feed a guide dog.

Sue Horn Estes

SUE HORN ESTES *contributes to* The Texas Observer.

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"The Ultimate Form of Corruption"

In the Boston Globe, FATHER DRINAN, *dean of the Boston College Law School, described his journey to South Vietnam recently with an eight-man investigating team. Here he sums up his impressions.*

On May 23 I and a few of the members of a US Study Team on Political and Religious Freedoms in South Vietnam had an appointment in Washington with a highly placed official of the State Department. In the most positive way this official asserted that the number of political prisoners in South Vietnam had been continually decreasing. The study team had received a copy of a letter from another State Department official to a US Senator stating the same thing.

I thought for a time at the meeting on May 23 of telling the State Department official that, on the basis of his assertions, I would cancel my commitment to go to Vietnam the next day. But I remained silent because I had agreed to go with a team whose trip had been financed by all the churches and synagogues of America. The State Department official, by his claims, stated by implication that the religious groups were misinformed and were attacking a non-problem.

As events turned out I am glad that I did not trust the State Department official.

On June 11 I was back in Washington and at another meeting told one of the high White House officials present at the May 23 "briefing" that a State Department official on May 23 had "lied" to us about the number of political prisoners. We had discovered in Vietnam that the number of political prisoners is increasing rather sharply, not decreasing. The White House official became flustered at this revelation and at the accusation. He urged that no one had "lied" and started a monologue about the difficulty of getting "hard" information. I pressed my point as much as courtesy permitted but received no satisfactory explanation of the discrepancy between what State Department officials were claiming to be the truth and the facts as they exist in South Vietnam.

The "hard" information about political prisoners which emerged in South Vietnam comes to this:

1. Of the 35,000 men, women and children in prison, about 60 percent wear a red tag on their prison garb indicating that they are "Communists." Many of these until recently used to be called "political prisoners" but that name was changed to "Communists" or "Vietcong sympathizers." The change in name may be the reason for the State Department's assertions that the number of political prisoners is "decreasing."

2. The number of persons imprisoned for "non-crimes" is actually rising rather rapidly. The rate of increase is impossible to discover because of the fact that up to one-third of all the persons detained have not been charged with any offense or given any sentence. One of the reasons for the increase (a rise admitted by Embassy officials in Saigon) is the US pacification program which, as it moves into the hinterlands, ferrets out citizens suspected of being "disloyal" and turns them over to the "kangaroo courts" known as Provincial Security Councils or Military Field Tribunals.

3. A significant number of political prisoners, prior to their "non-trial," are tortured by South Vietnamese officials in order to get information about VC activities and plans. We told a United States adviser about the countless stories we had heard from reliable witnesses about incredible torture devices employed in pre-sentencing detention centers. This official conceded that he had talked to four persons who alleged that torture had been inflicted on them. He said, however, that he did not believe these four individuals. Pressed for his reasons for not believing them, the official fell silent. It was appalling beyond belief when the American functionary said to me later that off the record and in his personal capacity he hoped that the study team would expose the existence of torture which he suspected was widespread!

4. The imprisonment of thousands of non-Communist but anti-Thieu citizens in South Vietnam (and the exile of thousands more in Paris) clearly inhibits the emergence of the system of two political parties, an arrangement specifically called for in the Constitution of South Vietnam.

No one at the State Department has yet admitted that the United States should do anything about these four findings. On June 8, a telegram, sent by the US study team to President Nixon on June 5, was released to the press. On June 10 and 11 a 40-page report was given to several highly placed State and White House officials in Washington. No answers have been received.

When I left the handsome offices of the State Department on June 11, I was so depressed I did not talk for about 30 minutes. Still paralyzed by the atmosphere of Foggy Bottom and distressed by what I had heard, I took a cab with my associates. My encounters with the State Department over the period of May 23 to June 11 had not been happy ones. My companions, by their silence or their complaints, agreed. I did not know what to do. I ate a quick lunch and hastened off to a two o'clock appointment in a Senator's office. A few minutes later I related my unhappy encounters with the State Department to three influential members of Congress. They did not

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express surprise. Only chagrin. I too was chagrined.

I shall never forget those encounters. They have probably done more than any other event in my life to galvanize my determination to work for a government which will be honest in its communication with its citizens. Those encounters left me with the conviction that our students and our young people are profoundly disturbed because they see in their government a policy of telling lies or at least a policy of trying to deceive people. However benignly one may describe or view such a policy, I knew on June 11 that it is the ultimate form of corruption.

Robert F. Drinan, S.J.

The Albany Stranglers

Choking off Community Schools

by Joseph Featherstone

In a great rush to adjourn, the New York State Legislature at the end of April enacted a bill to establish what is called a "community school" system for New York City. The various complex provisions of the bill – it runs to 64 printed pages – were duly noted in the daily press. It was also observed that the bill represented a defeat for a weakened coalition supporting community control, and a victory for those opposed – the United Federation of Teachers, the civil service unions, and apprehensive legislators reacting to the chaos the whole controversy has brought to the city. Since then, a strange silence has prevailed, and many conclude that everything is settled. In fact, however, the bill sets the stage for further convulsions.

The first thing to understand is the magnitude of the rout of forces advocating community control. The UFT began this spring with three goals: abolish the Board of Education appointed by Mayor Lindsay, the first board in the history of the city to support decentralization; destroy the three demonstration school districts, particularly Ocean Hill-Brownsville and the IS 201 complex, which have been at loggerheads with the UFT; and hamstring the movement for community control of schools. In theory, the bill enacted in Albany will accomplish each of these goals. The union has succeeded beyond its wildest dreams, and must now be reckoned as a significant political force. How it will use its new power remains to be known.

In outline, what the legislature did was to replace the Board of Education, appointed by the mayor, with an interim board of five members, chosen by the presidents of the city's five boroughs. This interim board, which has already been picked, will appoint a "chancellor," whose post will roughly coincide with that of the retiring Superintendent of Schools, Bernard Donovan. After hearings this fall, the interim board will draw up boundaries for between 30 and 33 "community school" districts, each with a minimum of 20,000 children. The present three demonstration districts, which have only 6,000 to 8,000 children, will be absorbed back into these larger units, their governing boards will be terminated and their principals will lose their jobs. All this will take place in February, 1970, when the 30-some "community school" districts will elect local school boards with extremely limited powers. In May 1970 the five boroughs will elect representatives to a seven-man central Board of Education, two members being appointed by the mayor.

No summary can do justice to this garbled and confusing legislative contrivance. The only clear thing is its intention: the New York City school system will not be moved.

The act insists repeatedly that the local boards are not boards at all; they are simply subdivisions of the central educational agency. The loyalty of all employees is to the central agency; they are all, with the exception of the district superintendent, appointed by the Chancellor. Local boards can pick their superintendents. Textbooks are chosen from a centrally approved list, examinations are centrally prepared and evaluated, and the school bureaucracy can change any program in a district at any time. It can adjust local boundaries, remove personnel, and even eliminate the local school boards. The central board, of course, will retain control of the city's high schools.

One significant new proviso states that all federal,

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state, and foundation money must be channeled through the central authorities. This is aimed at groups like the Ford Foundation, which has given some money to the demonstration districts but is now backing away from these commitments, badly singed by national and local criticism.

Central assignment of teachers continues, and the rules under which teachers can be transferred or dismissed are made much more stringent. The city Board will negotiate all contracts. There is, as far as I can see, no yielding on two points that are crucial if confidence is to be restored in the schools: the need for community representatives to have some say in appointments, and the need for a fair way of handling grievances against teachers.

Full financial control, with one small exception, remains in the hands of the central bureaucracy. The exception is revealing: the bill grants each district a quarter of a million dollars a year to spend on repairs and maintenance. This is a response of sorts to the anger in ghettoes at the granting of maintenance and construction jobs to contractors and unions that discriminate against blacks and Puerto Ricans. One line of thought behind the movement for community control has been that local boards with some budgetary discretion could award jobs to contractors in the neighborhood, or at least punish discrimination by withholding jobs. The concession is slight, however: it amounts to only seven percent of the system's $110 million budget for plant operation and construction. In fact, since the city will still require performance bonds for all jobs over $2,500, black and Puerto Rican contractors won't see much of even the discretionary quarter of a million dollars. They have trouble getting insurance; when they do get insurance, the city takes too long to pay; small operators can't afford to wait. The work is inspected by city board inspectors, who have not in the past been partial to minority contractors. All this is a reminder that schools are a very big business, probably the biggest business in the ghetto. They are a lucrative business, too: an outsider can hardly believe it when he's told how much a sandbox or a swing costs the city of New York.

The New York system faces a profound crisis unless it shows some awareness of the absurdities in its job and promotion practices. Fifty-two percent of the children in the schools are black or Puerto Rican. (These two groups make up 27 percent of the city's total population.) The proportion of black teachers is about 10 percent – by contrast with figures of 30 percent in other large cities. The proportion of black and Puerto Rican administrators is, to quote Martin Mayer, "almost invisible, except at the lower rank, that of assistant principal."

If the UFT and other interested parties had begun a campaign to reform the city colleges some time ago, the problem now might not be as serious. For most New York teachers are recruited from the city colleges, which up until fairly recently admitted only students from the top (read white) ranks in high school. (Whether these colleges can avoid being overwhelmed by the tidal wave of social demands now being made on them remains to be seen.) I mention the colleges because it is wrong to blame the present crisis on the school system alone: the whole educational system, to say nothing of the rest of the social order, is to blame. The test for the school system is its responsiveness to the situation. That is why it is dismaying to read the provisions in this act retaining the city's powerful Board of Examiners. Many have pointed out the stupidity of the city's entirely separate, entirely superfluous, system of examination for promotion. New York State has a complex, slightly less mandarin system of its own. The only reason for a separate city system is to protect insiders, to reserve jobs for the boys. (Former US Education Commissioner Harold Howe is not "qualified" to be a principal in New York.) And even by the city system's own dim and flickering lights, the bill reneges on the beginnings of a commitment to minority groups. A number of other cities have arranged for more qualified blacks and Puerto Ricans to take examinations to get on what are called merged, or expanded lists for appointments. Slowly, New York was starting to move in this direction, too. But this Act explicitly rules out creating merged lists for principals, and it requires that all names on the present list be assigned by April, 1970; the elementary principal's list will run to December, 1973. After it was passed, Superintendent Bernard Donovan had to cancel a set of exams that would have qualified more blacks and Puerto Ricans.

The bill then rubs salt into all these wounds by insisting that no appointments be made from any new list until all the old lists are completely exhausted. By the calculations of one advocate of community control, Marilyn Gittell, this virtually seals off more appointments to blacks and Puerto Ricans for five years.

There are enormously difficult questions here, and I don't mean to suggest easy answers. Part of the trouble is that the present qualifications for promotions bear little relation to actual performance: that is, the merit system as it stands does not necessarily encourage the rise of good principals. But the main consideration is, in a broad sense of the word, political: it is foolish to try to run the schools as white outposts in increasingly suspicious black neighborhoods. (And educationally, it's bad for the kids.) Somehow, the principle of merit has to be tempered by the principle of representativeness, or the schools will continue to lose their legitimacy in the eyes of many parents. The hope has been for a compromise that would retain a revised fair merit system. Now the guardians of the fortress have said there won't be any compromise at all.

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Using a special category, "demonstration principal," the schools in Ocean Hill and IS 201 had got state dispensation to appoint principals not qualified by city standards. This was no repudiation of standards, for the state stipulated fairly elaborate qualifications. With this small degree of added flexibility, the demonstration districts have been able to make generally excellent appointments. They have shown that there are a number of blacks and Puerto Ricans qualifiable by a reasonable system of standards; now the door is being slammed in their faces. There aren't enough, however, to begin to fill the staffs of ghetto schools. Parents I've talked to at Ocean Hill realize this: they are willing to use white talent to get good schools. (There's a one-cent gift package on hiring in the bill: schools whose reading scores fall below the lowest 40 percent of the city schools may hire teachers who have simply passed the National Teachers' Exam, instead of the city exams.)

Leaving the labyrinths of the provisions on personnel and moving on to the provisions on voting procedures is like going from *Alice in Wonderland* to *Through the Looking Glass:* more weird scenery. But after the initial confusion, you see the point behind the complex procedures for electing central and local boards of education. The intent behind the method of selecting the central board is, quite simply, to ensure that blacks and Puerto Ricans will not be fairly represented. The elections are borough-wide; because of the city's ethnic geography, borough-wide elections tend to undermine the strength of blacks and Puerto Ricans. New York's minorities have had great difficulty in gaining any power at a borough level. (They have considerable influence in Manhattan, and growing strength in the Bronx, but not elsewhere.) Also, the boroughs differ in population. People in the demonstration districts are filing suit to contest the legality of procedures that will give Staten Island (100,300 registered voters) the same representation as Brooklyn (1 million voters). And community control supporters like the United Bronx Parents are arguing that parents should be allowed to vote for the central school board, even if they're not registered voters. There are no restrictions in the bill on the financing of elections, which gives organized city-wide groups – such as unions – a great advantage. This is part of a general tendency becoming more visible in New York politics: municipal unions, including the police, play an increasingly important role in electing the officials with whom they negotiate their contracts.

Election procedures for the local school boards are remarkably different from those for the central board. The prescribed system of proportional representation (it takes eight pages of the bill to describe it) is faithful to an old rule of thumb: extremely complex voting requirements favor large organizations and political machines. "There is almost no possibility," the United Bronx Parents says, "that parents in the poorest, least educated, most oppressed sections of the city will be able to take advantage of such a technical, cumbersome, legalistic procedure." Another effect of proportional representation is to make it next to impossible for parents to organize a unified school reform slate. "PR in large districts is divide and conquer," as one Ocean Hill parent said.

The local elections will be open to both parents and registered voters; parents, however, will have to make an extra trip to preregister. Petitions for candidates have to be signed by registered voters, not parents. An astounding clause automatically removes any local board member who misses three successive meetings. No such provisions exist for central board members, or members of the US Congress, for that matter.

The uniformly large size of these "community" districts – 20,000 kids – is a device to get rid of the smaller demonstration districts, which have only been in operation now for two years. In the case of one, the Two Bridges district in lower Manhattan, this may or may not be justified: teachers say there is little progress there, largely because the different ethnic groups are at each other's throats. Ocean Hill and the IS 201 complex are very different matters. By and large, as I said, they chose good principals. They haven't produced miracles, or solved the problem of education in shattered, poor neighborhoods, but they have shown that they are profoundly serious in their efforts to improve the schools. On educational grounds alone, they deserve a chance to prove what they can do: they are a good argument for decentralization. Politically, ending their life is a provocation bordering on the incendiary. Ocean Hill and the 201 complex will continue to operate their schools until February, mobilizing for the showdown – then enter the police and the National Guard and whatever other forces it will take to replace popular black principals with unknowns off the frozen merit lists.

On any omnibus bill dealing with a controversial subject, there is room for honest differences of opinion. There ought to be room, if it comes to that, for differing views on decentralization, and the desirable degree of local control, which are no panaceas. But I don't see how anybody who takes the trouble to read and think about this bill can regard it as anything but an insult to important numbers of active black and Puerto Rican parents, whose confidence in the city schools has sunk to zero. Its message to them is that power talks, and as long as they don't have it, nobody will be listening to them.

That shadowy abstraction called The System exists, and in New York, after a long period in which it tried to tire its critics out, it's ready to fight back. On its side, by the fortunes of racial war, are scared and harassed teachers who in quieter times are its victims, too.

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When the Call Comes

This Is The Army

by Robert L. Fitzpatrick

Charlotte, N.C.

The Armed Forces Examining and Entrance Station, or AFEES, is an unobtrusive, inconspicuous place. It looks like other business office buildings, or perhaps a municipal building housing some welfare agency. There are two large glass doors at the entrance, but they are so heavily tinted that you can't see inside unless you are almost at the point of entering.

The best day to go to AFEES is Friday; that's the busiest day, so you can see it at full activity. Upon entering you are confronted by about 100 young men sitting in rows in front of you and on your left. All of them are from Charlotte and Mecklenburg county. All of them arrived, as directed by their draft board, at seven o'clock that morning. They have come to AFEES for their Preinduction Physical.

At first glance, if you're white, it will seem that most of them are black, but if you look a little more closely you can see that they are about evenly divided racially. The first reaction is probably because, as most whites would, you saw all the Negroes as Negroes, while you discerned differences among the whites. But then you notice something else about the whites there. Most of them look poor. I mean they are dressed in an out-of-style sort of way. A lot of them have white socks on; their hair is rather long but heavily greased. They are sitting in a semisegregated arrangement by their own choice. Most of them are slouching in their chairs as if they've been there many times, even though this is the first or, at best, the second time they've ever set foot in the place.

On your immediate right, a small space in the corner is enclosed on the two open sides by counters. A microphone and speaker sit on one counter and behind it are two men in military uniforms. Both are sergeants; one is white, the other, black. The white one is short medium built and blond. His face has a look about it that will frighten you, or, if you're strong enough, anger you. It's not menacing or hostile. It simply seems to be devoid of feeling. It's worse than the detached stare of a bureaucrat. Underneath you know a bureaucrat is like you, doing a job. But this guy is for real. This is *his* look. The black sergeant is expressionless but not threatening.

This is AFEES at about three o'clock in the afternoon. Let's see what has gone on since these young men arrived this morning.

Between seven and nine o'clock they were taken upstairs and hustled in and out of three different rooms to take mental exams and fill out information forms. Each person has his own selective service number; the form differs little from any job application. The test is easy for most. But the effect is already beginning to take hold. A certain nervousness, an uneasiness, a fear is beginning to touch each man. He feels himself shrinking in size; he is getting his first real experience, although a preliminary one, of what he has heard older people describe so many times – being in the Army.

How can you deal with something as huge as this. The high school or the department store where you worked were large but they were manageable, and you always knew you could drop out or quit. But the size of the Army can't be imagined. How can anything be so strong that it can order, station and train millions of men at the same time. And now *you*. Man, you don't even raise your eyes to something that strong.

But you're still a civilian, an individual, a human, and you're not going to let them push you too far. After all, as they say, a man has "got his dignity."

Back downstairs the young men go into a small room filled with metal baskets.

"Strip down to your shorts," a medic tells them in a shrill voice. Each man confronts the others almost naked, feeling oddly embarrassed but, oh well, they're all in the same boat.

"Get in a straight line. Touch your toes. Move your arms in a circle over your head." This is sup-

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posed to show up any obviously deformed or crippled ones.

And the fat ones. They're the most pathetic. Rolls of fat hanging in folds over the elastic of their underwear, trying to stand and walk in some way that won't draw ridicule. Too late! The trim little medic has spotted one.

"Hurry it up, fatrat!" he shouts.

Laughter from the others, but their turn is coming.

Many of the Negro guys have on torn, no longer elastic, dirty underwear. They walk in a slow, rhythmic manner, but they comply like everybody else.

After everyone has been weighed and measured for height, they descend to another level, over freezing tile into a larger room with rows of benches and two doctors sitting at desks. Well, a doctor will treat them right. Just the word, "doctor," makes them feel a little better. A doctor is someone whose very presence makes a person feel important. If a doctor comes when you are sick then it must be important that you get well. What could be worse than to be really sick and no one give a damn? But if a doctor is there with a calm, capable hand on your wrist, then baby you count!

Each man carries his "papers" in his hand and sits on the benches, still clad only in his underwear. First your blood pressure. An expressionless medic with a mustache roughly grabs the left arm and places on the strap and gauge. Then the chest x-ray. Now blood tests. Each man is told to go up to a window, much like a post office window, and give the man his right arm. A tatooed arm pulls your arm further in. One, two, three times – finally a vein.

"Don't worry, one guy got stuck five times before they found his."

Many of the men are visibly shaken now. The vein at the crux of their arm is swollen. They're walking around in their underpants, bewildered, clutching the white gauze in the bend of their arms. They shuffle into a tiled room containing a long urinal on the wall. Each is handed a piece of litmus paper and told to "piss on the colored part of the paper." Ah, relief, I've been about to bust.

Next room, the hearing test. But wait, a little comic relief!

One of the guys put his litmus paper right into the medic's hand after urinating on it, instead of just showing him the paper.

COMING: Philip Ben reports from Rumania on the Nixon visit

"Stupid asshole!" the medic screams. Laughter from all sides.

Into the hearing room. It's a small enclosure with four stools on each side, each separated from the next by a partial wall, thus making four tiny stalls on each side. The men sit there in silence for five minutes or so. Finally the silence is broken. One guy says that this is the test where a nude girl walks up the aisle between them. If you have an erection, you pass. Loud laughter. Great bunch of guys.

There is raucous laughter in another room. There one of the medics told a guy that his hands were shaking like a little bitch dog getting screwed by a German Shepherd. Now a middle-aged medic is explaining the hearing test procedure. He has a harelip and it's almost impossible to understand him.

The next part all of them have heard about before. From the hearing room they are marched into something like a hallway. Up steps the little medic with the mustache.

"Drop your shorts to your ankles and stand up straight with your shoulders touching the wall. With your right hand hold your dick out straight for the doctor to see it."

The doctor appears from around the corner and is followed by another medic who is carrying a clipboard. The doctor is solemn and says nothing. He quickly moves down the line examining each person's genitals for a split second. He never once glances up into someone's face. At the end of the line he stops and the medic now tells them to "turn around, bend over and spread your cheeks." Again the doctor makes his record-breaking examination. They guess he's looking for hemorrhoids. One guy says that the only way he would have seen one at the rate he was moving would be for it to hit him in the eye.

Well that wasn't so bad.

There is almost no resistance now. Little groups or cliques are beginning to form. They were strangers a few hours ago, now they are clinging to one another as if to life itself.

But a few are still shocked, still believe they really are human beings and therefore deserve some respect. There's still the doctor to see. God, just to talk personally to a doctor.

Back into the room full of benches. One fellow steps up to the doctor's desk with his papers in his hand. He has a letter from his own physician stating that he has a deformation in the structure of his vertebrae. The medic sees the letter and says loudly to the doctor, "Give these bastards a little time and they'll bring you a book about themselves." At that the doctor breaks into loud, hearty laughter.

DID YOU SEE THAT? The doctor actually LAUGHED at one of his patients being called a bas-

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tard. RIGHT IN FRONT OF HIM! A BASTARD!

Oh Christ!

Another one with a letter.

The doctor: "You say your knee bothers you occasionally?"

Young man: "Yes sir, it hurts pretty bad sometimes."

"How much did you pay this sonofabitch to write this for you anyway?"

"What sir?"

"I said I think it's going to bother you a lot more for the next two years. NEXT"

Back in the room where they left their clothes, the men glance at each other shyly as they dress. A few jokes about the guy who put the litmus paper into the medic's hand. Some are sullen and quiet, but nobody appears angry or indignant. A dull, repressed resistance has developed. Dignity, defensiveness, and horror are all combined. The Negro guys, of course, have a culture that understands this sort of thing. Yet this is something that even they are finding hard to cope with. This is even worse than being called a nigger by a second-grade teacher or hearing a policeman call your father "boy." There isn't even a ghetto to hide in when you're in the army.

Grouped in little cliques, the examinees, as they are officially called, drift back into the waiting room to learn the results. Their wait turns into two hours, interrupted only by a box lunch. It's a bologna sandwich, an apple and a carton of milk. No one eats enthusiastically, though it's been at least six hours since breakfast, if they ate one.

One last assault remains. They have finished eating and are now unwinding a bit, quietly talking to one another. Suddenly the blond sergeant moves to the microphone, places his mouth very close to it and in a sharp voice says, "While you guys are just sitting there doing NOTHING, get up and start picking up the trash and cigarette butts off the floor!"

It has the effect of a starting gun being fired. Everyone of them bolts out of his seat and begins going through the motions of cleaning the floor. The sergeant, of course, knows he has no authority to order the examinees to do janitorial work. He knows that if anybody refuses to do it he can do nothing to make him. But he is equally sure that no one *will* refuse. The old self wouldn't have jumped out of the seat so fast, maybe not at all. But that's been taken care of.

914 Pecan Avenue is the address. Charlotte housewives, businessmen and teachers ride by there every day. The sons of Charlotte must go there and do their duty. And when they leave, most of them have changed, and because of their change, they reinterpret the events of the day to fit their new self-definition. They accept it, they internalize it, some day they may even support it.

Confrontation

Rapping with Convicts

by Ronald L. Goldfarb

What happens when a group of 21 seasoned convicts doing time in a state's prison system are thrown together for a "no holds barred" conference with a group of trial judges, police and prosecutors, probation and parole officers, legislators, psychiatrists, correction officials and private citizens from the same state? The answer emerged two weeks ago during the zaniest, most taxing but most honest, mind-blowing meeting ever to qualify as a professional workship.

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For ten days and nights, (the cons went home at night), over a hundred people came together on the St. John's College campus in Annapolis, Maryland to question just about every corner and crevice of the crime and correction scene. The affair was sponsored by the National College of State Trial Judges, paid for by a grant from HEW's Social and Rehabilitation Service, administered by Governor Mandel's Commission on Law Enforcement and the Administration of Justice. The idea for this encounter was conceived by three men who operate as the Berkeley Associates: a criminologist, David Fogel; a sociologist, Richard Korn; and a public defender, Douglas Rigg. Not-

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withstanding all the big shots and the credentials present, the most distinctive feature of the conference was the rare presence of the consumers of the criminal justice system – the prisoners. The government grant stated that the purpose of the project was to view the offender as an "educational resource" in criminal justice. They were! At one session they were asked by their collaborators whether they wished to be referred to as offenders, inmates or "cons." One man said, "Hey, baby, if you don't want to call us by our names like everyone else, why don't you call us *con*-sultants?"

There were 21 "consultants," and they were paid a $3-a-day consulting fee. They came from the Patuxent Institution (where court-selected repeaters, dubbed "defective delinquents," are incarcerated in maximum security for an indefinite sentence), the Maryland House of Correction (a big, ugly prison known as "the Cut") and one of the five Maryland correctional camp centers (a minimum security "joint" used primarily for short-termers and men on work-release). The attending prisoners were "in" for murder, rape, assault, robbery, larceny, burglary and narcotic offenses.

There were some large plenary sessions, and smaller group meetings; there were a few speeches by such corrections pros as Walter Dunbar, member of the US Parole Board, James V. Bennett, former federal prison head; there was an extraordinary summation address on the last morning at a graduation ceremony by Ralph "Petey" Greene, an ex-con with a yard-high criminal record who is now on parole and doing a lot of good and earning "a lot of bread" in the District of Columbia as director of a poverty program that gets jobs for "cons." He was unanimously voted the grooviest speaker on corrections in the memory of all the attending pros. ("They made a mistake and taught me two words – consultant and honorarium.")

However, the most dramatic and distinctive feature of the conference was the series of psychodramas run by Dr. Korn portraying prototypical episodes in a prisoner's career – being mustered into the exploitation and assault of the prison jungle, the netherworld, subculture of convict life within prisons, the parole experience, the ultimate reentry into society with its special pitfalls and problems – making it, as one addict said, "in the free."

The psychodramas were intermingled with "role reversals." For example, after real prisoners appeared before real parole officers, each group switched and played the other; often with devastating accuracy. In one warm-up session, a rough con played a legislator listening to a plea (by another con as warden) for a conjugal visitation law. After hearing all the arguments, he pounded his fist on the table and implored: "How shall I explain this to my constituents? I'm in sympathy with you, but how do I explain this to the churches? I must have 30 letters before me calling for tougher sentences; how could I ever sell this idea to my people?" The witness replied: "It is done to Mississippi." To which, the politics-wise con intoned: "Maryland leads, it doesn't follow."

On another occasion, a tough, law-and-order cop was put in the spot of a con who had just been sentenced to 35 years imprisonment. When asked his reaction, he said: "I'd be looking for some loose bars." When a group of police officials were acting out a departmental session considering a cop's infraction of community relations policy with a good deal of compassion and liberality, a voice came from the audience: "I'm behind the prison walls and boy would I like you guys to be on my disciplinary committee."

Everone there knew a lot about everyone else's practices. No myths or professional self-delusions escaped a loud "bullshit!" from someone in the audience who knew better.

The idea was to get troublesome problems concerning corrections out into the open with all the relevant participants present and bent on keeping each other honest. "Now all the actors, throw away the scripts," Korn admonished. And that was what happened. The various criminal justice officials and the cons alike shook each other down, contradicted, pressed – and the problems and the lies eventually came out. We were reminded of Pogo's insight: "We have met the enemy and they are us."

One day midway in the conference everyone was processed through the three represented penal institutions, as if they actually were arriving inmates, to get a feel of the horror that lies at the end of the present correction system. The ladies were processed into the Maryland Correctional Camp for Women, worked, ate "soul food" (pigs' feet) – what else can you get for 64c per person per day.

Several judges went through Patuxent and "the Cut." They were stripped, showered, sprayed, mugged, pushed around and locked up in dark, tiny cells and forgotten. Even those in related professions and services, for whom this should have been no new revelation, were sobered. "Dehumanizing" was the word most used later. To describe places like these, the word "correction" is inapt, if not ludicrous. Next day, one tough police officer told the group: "In my 18 years as a police official, I never went through any prison. But from now on nobody's gonna work for me without going into these joints." Understating his involvement, a judge said: "I'll look at the man across from me for sentencing far differently after this."

It became very clear (even to the skeptics) that convicts are not a breed apart, not unreachable, not unconcerned human beings. One of the prisoners who had been convicted for a very serious felony had the physical appearance of a tattooed brute. Then, during

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a lunchtime softball game between the consultants and the other participants, this man's wife showed up with his two little boys. Some of us noticed them rolling in the grass and frolicking. The con told us later that on visiting days in prison the children would crawl across the table separating them to climb on him. But this violated prison regulations, so he lost visiting privileges. Later as we crossed the field to return to our meeting, I heard a child's voice yelling, "Daddy, daddy, we want a kiss." When I looked back, I saw them running to him and clambering into his arms for a last hug. Pow!

Most prison industry is limited and not related to the job market on the outside. Many inmates do not work at all; few come out of prison trained and with marketable skills. When one speaker was pontificating about rehabilitation, a consultant exploded: "What does rehabilitation mean? I came in a laborer and I will go out a laborer. They taught me to make tags, but where else can I go to make tags? I got news for you, baby. In six months, you'll have me back makin' those tags!"

Education? Some good work is done by Mensa Friends who assist inmates with extraordinary I.Q.'s; at the other extreme, some breakthroughs have been accomplished with illiterate men by dedicated teachers and by cons themselves. But, except for these rare extremes, little has been done to educate inmates. The men at the camp center, as an example, cannot take courses, though many want to and have nothing else to do. One ex-con said facetiously, "A friend of mine might not have stuck up a bank if he could have read the sign inside that said: 'This bank is guarded by cameras.' " A former narcotics pusher said: "They say we don't have skills. For a while, I had the whole police force in my neighborhood on my payroll; who says I don't have *skills*." Another remarked: "Who is going to be a better store detective than an ex-booster."

We learned that a prison administrator or correction official can run a better institution, win over his men and better prepare them for life on the outside without a completely new charter and without major policy changes; for example: procedures to receive and channel grievances; expanding the use of the telephone; more humane visitation practices; better commissary rules; doing without the silly uniforms. Inmates have to use "chits" because no money is allowed, and they have showers that run for ten seconds at the push of a button. Changing such things doesn't require bigger budgets or broad legislative authority.

Community help in the correction field is as crucial as it is rare. We were reminded that probation was developed by a Boston shoemaker, parole by an Australian sea captain, and many modern treatment advances were suggested by psychiatrists and psychologists. In one psychodrama before the real parole board, the difference between allowing a man to go free on parole and keeping him in a minimum security prison on a work-release program resulted from the fact that some interested private citizens and volunteer groups offered assistance to the petitioning prisoner. Less than a week after the conference, one businessman who had attended as an interested citizen showed up at one of the consultants' for-real parole hearing. He promised to get him a job and a place to live; the man was given parole.

Perhaps the most telling lesson to emerge was the value of using convicts both in prisons to assist officialdom and on the street to assist fellow and potential offenders. (No prison could operate without the tacit assistance of the captive society of inmates. No one could better advise a trainee guard than a former "con" boss.) No one can sympathize with a con like another con. No one can speak his language as honestly. Prisoners, especially the oldest and toughest of them, seem to crave a chance to work with offenders, particularly kids. "I'm concerned about the guy behind me," was a comment repeated by many of the cons. In one county in California, when cons were hired by the correction department the recidivism rate dropped from 50 percent to 9 percent. The final speaker, Petey Green, runs such a program in the District of Columbia.

The conference worked and wore on officially for ten hours a day, and an unplanned, sub rosa, second conference materialized in the college cottages around bourbon and scotch bottles, and lasted throughout most of the late evenings and early mornings. About two-thirds of the way along people began to worry that nothing worthwhile would come out of it all. Then the idea evolved of forming a commission to take up where the conference left off and convert past talk to future action. The result was the creation of the St. John's Council on Crime and Corrections composed, for openers, of 45 representative members of the group.

Schopenhauer wrote a tale describing a scene in which a group of porcupines came together in an open field one cold night, attempting to keep each other warm and to survive. They pricked each other when they huddled close and some left the group to avoid personal injury. The next morning, they were found frozen; they had died alone. The others suffered but helped each other survive. A similar scene was played out in Maryland.

For ten days professionally related associates and strangers cajoled, cursed, caved in, cracked up, and questioned whether they were being manipulated by anarchists or receiving the word from a new penological Moses. The final graduation ceremony was like no other conference ending: something special and lasting had happened, however painful. As one warden said about prison work: "You lose a drop of blood every day in this business; a drop every day."

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

The Wild Bunch

Warner Bros.-Seven Arts

The Western, until quite recently, was especially valuable as a mythic preserve: a form in which Good and Evil could be easily identified and in which Good could triumph. Lately it is becoming an arena for exultation in gore with perhaps a fade-out nod to virtue – a Theater of Cruelty on the cheap. The Italian-made Westerns have done it in an almost childish way: their gore is so patently contrived that the shock is merely annoying, like a boy's thrusting a dead mouse in your face and cackling at your disgust. The well-made American Western is more effective, more lopsidedly truthful.

The Bad Man as protagonist is an old idea in Westerns, but he was always Wallace Beery in one form or another, a lovable bandit who reformed or gave his life gladly at the end in expiation. Now we get killers as heroes, and everything we learn about them is intended to make them acceptable *as killers*, not to explain how they went astray and might have been good ranchers or bank tellers if fate had been kinder.

In the hands of Sam Peckinpah, the matter becomes more complex because he is such a gifted director that I don't see how one can avoid using the word "beautiful" about his work. This is not merely a matter of big vistas and stirring gallops and silhouettes against the sky, although Peckinpah understands all about them. It is a matter of the kinetic beauty in the very violence that his film lives and revels in. Peckinpah has been quoted as saying that he included so many horrors in order to make us sick of violence. Well, people will say almost anything in interviews, and it is the tale that must be trusted, not the teller. He is not an oblique puritan, he is a talented maniac who loves his bloody work. And the work is significant.

I missed Peckinpah's *Ride the High Country* (1961), which was reliably praised, and have been trying to catch up with it. I saw *Major Dundee* (1965), about which Peckinpah is said to be unhappy because of interference but which was distinguished by some gritty fighting, some smacking physical detail, and Charlton Heston's most credible performance. *The Wild Bunch*, Peckinpah's latest, runs two hours and forty-five minutes, was written by Peckinpah and Walon Green, and was photographed in Technicolor and Panavision by Lucien Ballard, who was a protegé of von Sternberg and whose distinguished career includes some previous Westerns. This new film is the best Western I can remember since Brando's *One-eyed Jacks* (1960).

The time is around 1913, the place is both sides of the Texas-Mexico border. The contrast between the US and Mexican cultures is important to Peckinpah (as it was to Brando). It's a handy way to juxtapose Europe and America, to show the pretenses and practices of both, which, under differing delusions and nouns, end up fairly concentrically. The "bunch" of the title is a robber gang led by William Holden; the plot includes two railroad robberies, flight into Mexico, conflicts with a crooked Mexican general and with Villa's men. From John Ford, Peckinpah has acquired, along with other things, a passion for accurate and revealing Americana used dramatically. When the behavior gets cinematic, the *look* of it is still so credible that we find patience. The clothes seem to smell of the people who wear them, the tin coffee-cups look battered. Peckinpah adds an exotic, somewhat Ophulsian flavor in his décor: the Mexican general has a German military advisor and a bright red automobile. The dialogue is plentifully profane, the frisking with whores is gamey, and both these elements have a retroactive effect: they seem to fill in what has been missing from the laundered Westerns of the past.

Yet there are sentimentalities. When the gang rides out of a Mexican village that is the home of one of their number, the villagers line the streets singing farewell; and I somehow missed Ward Bond and J. Farrell Macdonald blinking back the tears. Children are used in coarse facsimile of Richard Hughes – as innocent lovers of evil. Sticky symbols occur: a scorpion at the beginning, buzzards at the end.

The film is too long; it tries for too much, in incident and theme. (The pronouncements about future Mexican democracy are so blatantly impasted that they don't even taint the film.) Holden is unconvincing as a middle-aged outlaw. The role could have used a Henry Fonda or Heston. Holden usually looks as if he were at a dude ranch, and he can't even walk convincingly. When he and his lieutenant Ernest Borgnine stride away from the camera, Borgnine is a man off the saddle, bowlegging along, but Holden is a member of the Screen Actors Guild. Robert Ryan is well-cast as an ex-outlaw who leads the bounty hunters who are after the gang, but his usual bile and threat seem a bit thin; he isn't quite brooding enough.

All the rest are good, including Borgnine, Ben Johnson, whom John Ford tried to make a star in *Wagonmaster*, and Edmond O'Brien as a grizzled, chaw-stained old thief. The part would once have been done by Edgar Buchanan, except that here it is written and played as the tail-end of a particular life, not as a stock whiskery figure of tarnation fun.

But the faults recede because the violence *is* the film. Those who have complained that there's too much of it might as well complain that there's too much punching in a prizefight: to reduce it would be to make it something else. The violence is in the attitudes as well as the actions. For example, the opening sequence is an ambush by the bounty-hunters of the outlaws in the middle of a town, and it doesn't matter a damn to the law or to the outlaws that they are firing through dozens of bystanders. There is a climactic scene in a huge Mexican courtyard which contains so much shooting and stabbing of soldiers, outlaws, girls, and old men – with a wild machine-gun clattering away – that it becomes a kind of lethal bacchanalia. It may horrify, but it isn't ludicrous, and this is to Peckinpah's credit. The details are lurid. When men are shot in the back, blood spurts out – just as it does from disemboweled swordsmen in Kurosawa. A throat is cut before your eyes. And often, when men fall, Peckinpah catches the fall in slow motion. The obvious point of comparison is the end of *Bonnie and Clyde* (there are also other comparisons with that picture), but Penn used slow motion to try to poeticize the deaths of two particular people. With Peckinpah, it is only ex-

(Continued on page 35)

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Charles Thomas Samuels: The Irrepressible Dreiserian

Two Dreisers by Ellen Moers

(Viking; $10)

"Summer novel" is a useful critical category because it quickly tells us what to expect. For Ellen Moers' new book we need a similar term: "summer criticism." Focusing on two novels (*Sister Carrie* and *An American Tragedy*), Miss Moers presents some formative influences on Dreiser's art. She sketches the Bowery milieu that inspired his literary generation, the irregular family that provided him material, the prominent figures who shaped his thought. Moreover, she does all this with grace, lucidity, and often (as in discussions of Dreiser's indebtedness to Stephen Crane and George Ade) with fresh information – but never with new insight or stimulating evaluation. Although the book took six years to research and write, its facility belies such authorial exertion and seems to spare ours.

The utility of this summer criticism, however, is less clear than that of summer novels. Did Miss Moers expect to illuminate Dreiser (if so, her scope is too narrow) or his works (in which case, her analysis is too relaxed)? Must we know the influences to understand Dreiser's novels or his age? If the former, is such lengthy discussion of the scientist Jacques Loeb really needed to explain Dreiser's "chemisms"? Paul Dresser, the novelist's song-writing brother, was an interesting period type, but Miss Moers makes too little of his effect on the *Tragedy* to justify her long account, which would have to be longer to recreate Dresser's world.

Chattily discursive, these sketches have little interpretive consequence. Often, some man or work Miss Moers deems an influence strikes one merely as a parallel. For example, after detailing the relationship between Dreiser's naturalism and Steiglitz's realistic photography, she comes up with nothing firmer than a comparison between Dreiser's means of turning journalism into fiction and those used by Steiglitz "to transform a blurry negative into a finished work of art." "Even without [Jacob] Riis's preparation [through his *How the Other Half Lives*], Crane might have wanted to try his 'Experiment in Misery' and Dreiser to make Hurstwood a Bowery bum, but perhaps neither would have dared to do so." The mountain of research labors to produce only a squeaking "perhaps."

When Miss Moers turns to the novels, she unexpectedly abandons her emphasis on ideas and period to concentrate on dramaturgy and style. Thus, she discusses the persistence of theatrical metaphors in *Sister Carrie*, but her metaphors are sometimes imposed rather than discovered. Here is Dreiser, quoted by Miss Moers:

> [Hurstwood] did not look at [Carrie] often. When he did, it was with a mild light in his eye. Not a shade was there of anything save geniality and kindness. He took back the shifty, clever gleam, and replaced it with one of innocence.

And here is Miss Moers metaphorizing:

> Like a spotlight at the theater, the eye of Hurstwood is capable of almost mechanical manipulation.

After her justifiable emphasis on Dreiser's verisimilitude, she examines his language with a minuteness and ingenuity that seem to parody New Criticism. So she records the "*ss* sounds" in a passage describing Drouet and Carrie at dinner, in which "Drouet reaches his apotheosis as warming and radiating presence," and identifies the "exchange of warmth, and the greenness of new life" with Drouet's bestowal upon Carrie of some dollar bills.

Yet surely what one claims for Dreiser is relevant perception, not stylistic nicety. He impresses by reporting the urban battle between making it and making out – and battle reporters are concerned with getting copy to the homefront, not with polishing their prose, interweaving images, or matching sound to sense. Curiously, when Miss Moers approaches the book she considers Dreiser's masterpiece – *An American Tragedy*, which realizes his favorite subject in its starkest form – she denies the very specificity on which claims are normally based. Instead of concentrating on Clyde's poignant conflict between sex and avidity and on Dreiser's indictment of American culture, Miss Moers emphasizes the book's allegorical elements, tracing these to *Pilgrim's Progress* and the *Arabian Nights*.

The former influence remains doubtful, even after Miss Moers' lengthy efforts, whereas the latter was earlier discussed by William L. Phillips, to whom she is characteristically generous. Unfortunately, Miss Moers neglects the real critical interest of her information.

As she acknowledges, the *Arabian Nights* figure most prominently in Dreiser's book during the murder scenes (though similar allusions are common throughout Dreiser, when he can think of no other way to establish an item's putative magic):

> Dreiser hints here (for the first time) at an "evil spirit" at once deep within and apart from Clyde, not to establish innocence but to suggest a depth of evil in Clyde that engulfs even the act of murder, that pervades the air he breathes, the society he inhabits, the humanity in which even a Clyde Griffiths shares.

This passage is unsatisfying not only because of figurative vagueness but because a serious objection is here met with mere denial: "not to establish in-

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nocence." If one looks closely at the novel, Miss Moers' denial seems dubious.

"[S]uddenly" there appears "as the genii at the accidental rubbing of Aladdin's lamp – as the efrit emerging as the smoke from the mystic jar in the net of the fisherman – the very substance of some leering and diabolic wish or wisdom in his own nature, and that now abhorrent and yet compelling. . . ." Gradually, this diabolical character takes control of Clyde and becomes progressively distinct, so that, by the end of the scene, it is actually able to issue orders, to which, illogically, Clyde responds as if he were the genii and not its master. By this device, Clyde becomes possessed, and to that degree exculpated, at the same time that he is morally enhanced, since Dreiser supplies him not only with exteriorized villainy but with a hitherto undemonstrated conscience. This conscience, however, is compared to "a sealed and silent hall in which alone and undisturbed, and that in spite of himself, he now sat thinking on the mystic or evil or terrifying desires or advice of some darker or primordial and unregenerate nature of his own, and without the power to drive the same forth or himself to decamp, and yet also without the courage to act upon anything."

Magically indeed, Dreiser is able to evoke two different responses: admiration that we feel for a man straining to resist evil and pity that we feel toward one enslaved. Dreiser uses the *Arabian Nights* to pictorialize what he had formerly little interest in dramatizing: a battle between will and conscience seemingly denied by Dreiserian determinism but acutely necessary if we are not to reject Clyde as murderous automaton. Similarly, in *Sister Carrie,* when Dreiser faced the problem of turning Hurstwood into a thief – without forfeiting our sympathy – he first paralyzed the man with alcohol and then called forth an external voice much like the one which leads Clyde to kill Roberts. At that, neither Hurstwood nor Clyde "commits" his crime: the safe closes and the boat topples.

According to the classic defense, Dreiser is a clumsy writer, whose tough integrity redeems the mess of his prose. But where is this integrity in the key scenes of his two best novels? At the very moment when he closes his traps, we find Dreiser simultaneously insisting that his heroes are and aren't mere mice. So they develop sudden consciences, which are, nevertheless, literally bewitched.

Miss Moers traces Dreiser's determinism to Jacques Loeb's work on such subjects as tropisms in caterpillars. Yet, whereas one caterpillar presumably behaves like any other, *An American Tragedy* implicitly maintains that Clyde is different from other people (we are immediately told that he is "more keenly observant and decidedly more sensitive" than the other members of his family) and that his behavior is conditioned by a specific social environment so that, say, a Russian Clyde Griffiths would not have come to an American tragic end. Therefore, Miss Moers' comparison between Dreiser's determinism and Loeb's mechanism obscures fundamental differences between biologic specimens and human beings.

Dreiser himself was aware of these differences. In *Sister Carrie,* which is a better novel than the *Tragedy* partly because it doesn't try to be so programmatic and is therefore less irritatingly confused, Dreiser alternates between strict determinism and a more complex view of human psychology. The novel begins with an axiom ("When a girl leaves her home at eighteen, she . . . either falls into saving hands and becomes better, or she rapidly assumes the cosmopolitan standard of virtue and becomes worse") and is dominated by the metaphor of the city as irresistible magnet. Accordingly, Carrie can't be blamed for becoming a courtesan: she fell into the wrong hands. Still, Dreiser doesn't want us to think of her as a mere victim, so we progressively hear of but do not witness her "emotional greatness"; and in the second half of the novel, we see her resisting stimuli and choosing among values with more deliberation than she exhibits in the first. As in Clyde's case, Dreiser becomes very deterministic when this will evoke pity and allay censure, but he abandons determinism when it threatens to provoke contempt. If Dreiser only means to say that each person has a different nature (there is much talk of "natures" in *Sister Carrie*) or that different circumstancees cause different natures to act in different ways, what is the real distinction between Dreiserian naturalism and more con-

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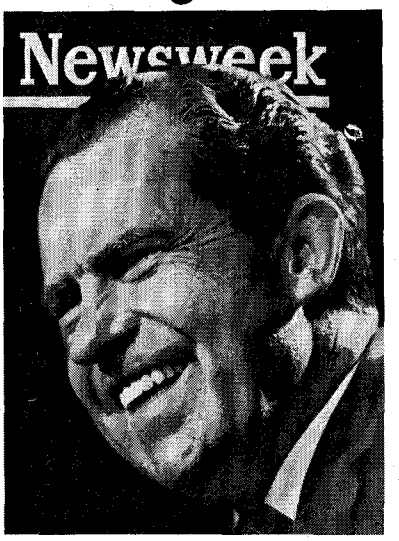
Newsweek's quoted everywhere these days. On TV by Walter Cronkite and Huntley-Brinkley. In columns by Joseph Alsop, Murray Kempton, and William Buckley. On Capitol Hill by leaders of Congress. If you haven't read Newsweek yourself lately, here's a quick taste of some recent issues:



"Negroes would still rather proceed by persuasion, but the majority who think they can prevail by reason alone has shrunk from 51%-24% to 46%-34% in three years. And they are by no means certain how to proceed. They are convinced that they owe what they have won so far not to white charity but to black action: 68 per cent believe that marching, picketing and demonstrating have helped, and roughly two Negroes in five remain ready to march, picket or demonstrate again. Blacks are by no means ready to drop their white allies and band together strictly on color lines, as many black-power leaders have urged."

"To the statesmen charged with settling it, the end of the Vietnam war may still seem a long way off. But many of South Vietnam's more affluent and sophisticated citizens are not so sure, and already they have begun to hedge their postwar bets. Hundreds of them have slipped out of the country to self-imposed exile in Europe or the United States, and many hundreds more are clamoring to leave. 'When the war ends, it will mean a coalition government,' explains a Saigon university student. 'Then the Communists will be here, and that will destroy the South Vietnam we all love. So we want to get out.'"

"Post-modern youth, as Yale's Robert Brustein notes, has already been sufficiently praised, even overpraised, for its qualities of commitment, spontaneity, humanitarian values and personal authenticity. America has always valued youth. But now there is a kind of cult of divine youth that suggests that the young are intrinsically superior to the old. The most objective neutral statement that can be made about the new youth class is that modern parents have got the children they professed they wanted."

"That there would be a resumption of all-out war in the Middle East in the immediate future still seemed doubtful. But what seemed sadly probable was continuation—and escalation—of the bloody game of tit for tat which the Israelis have come to call 'the war between the wars.'"

"Studio press agents and willing press peddle so much nonsense about the popularity of movies with the movie generation that one fact of the matter is almost obscured: the American feature-film business as a whole is a losing proposition with a shrinking share of the national population as its audience."

"Some of the effects of the credit squeeze are bizarre. A Chicago banker tells of a businessman who balked at paying 10 per cent for a loan to meet his income tax payments. The man told the loan officer that the Internal Revenue Service only charges 6 per cent on overdue taxes and 'I'll take that for a while rather than pay you 10.' But for other businessmen caught in the crunch, the problems are far less casual."

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ventional explanations for human behavior?

Miss Moers attempts an answer. While discussing *Sister Carrie*, she summarizes the physiological psychology of Elmer Gates, whose distinction between volition and choice Dreiser is said to have adopted. According to Gates, choice "'rises out of personal idiosyncracies, education, and inherited or acquired character'," whereas volition is a mechanism unaffected by other forces. "The large intellectual, moral, and social problems of the will Dreiser left open and vague," Miss Moers avers, "somewhere in the realm of the Spencerian inscrutable. But the minute and special problems of volition he attacked with all the rigor and imagination of which he was capable."

At no point does Miss Moers' scholarship more obviously betray her criticism. For, unlike Gates, Dreiser was a novelist, necessarily involved with "intellectual, moral, and social problems"; and so his vagueness is hardly excused by learning its intellectual antecedents. In any event, if Dreiser is judged interesting primarily because he dramatized the process of volition, his novels are reduced to lab reports. Moreover, these reports are full of contradictions, because, in spite of Miss Moers, Dreiser did concern himself with morality and social problems. So he emphasizes the particular susceptibility of a man like Hurstwood in the theft scene, and recalls the doctrine of Original Sin in *An American Tragedy*.

However, while Christian doctrine holds that man is liable even for those sins which he is destined to commit by his very nature, Dreiser wishes to exculpate his sinners. This is what drew him to the *Arabian Nights*, contemporary mechanism, and utopian Communism. *They* did it, *it* did it; never, *I* did it.

Dreiser explored a crucial modern phenomenon: the dehumanizing lure of the city for all but the strongest natures. But he treated this phenomenon sentimentally, so that his victims of urban wiles are simultaneously too weak for sympathy and too distinctive for the emblematic roles Dreiser intended. His style is, by now I think, damned beyond argument; and his structure (accretion) inspires doubt even among partisans. How then can Miss Moers casually place him among "the great international company of *survivors*, men formed before the turn of the century but dominant after the

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First World War – among them Mann, Gide, Stravinsky, Joyce, Wright, Valéry, Yeats," or state, almost in passing, "He was a great novelist, perhaps the greatest of the Americans . . ."? Instead of sorting out his ideas, she genealogizes them. Instead of acknowledging the lapses in his style, she isolates passages with notable effects or draws from her own ampler stock of metaphors a few trinkets with which to adorn Dreiser's hopsacking. To be sure, a case can be made for Theodore Dreiser, but Miss Moers seems to be making it only for Dreiserians in hammocks.

Lore Segal: Captivating Horrors

Going Places
by Leonard Michaels

(Farrar, Straus and Giroux; $4.95)

Leonard Michaels' first book affords a kind of pleasure that is different from what is usually felt in reading merely a good new writer; this is writing of a different order.

The themes in these stories are our modern familiars. Young love, brave or gentle deaths, though they persist in nature along with flowers and gardens, make us itchy when we meet up with them in books, but we sit back and keep a steady eye on orgies, rape, mayhem and suicide in city scenes and subwayscapes. Leonard Michaels makes these horrors horrible again and funny. Here is his New York: Phillip, of "City Boy," having sinned, goofed, and in a state of nakedness, arrives "at the spit-mottled steps of the subway. I had hoped for vomit. Spit is no challenge for bare feet."

Some things are horrible we had not thought so before. This is Michaels on femininity, brutal, and ravenous for the attention on which it feeds: Mildred, "I'm not pretty." Miller, "Yes, you are." Mildred, "I know I'm attractive in a way . . . basically I hate my type. Do you like my hair?" "Your hair is very nice." Mildred, "You are stupid-looking. . . . You're the only stupid-looking boyfriend I ever had." Male visitors arrive and Mildred "now shining awake . . . curled tight in her chair . . . making knees, shins, ankles to look at," and here Michaels takes one of his fantastical leaps into what it is he is talking about: "Mildred sat up, showed us her womb. Max took it, squeezed it, passed it to Sleek. I had a bite. Max munched. . . ." Left alone with her man and the purpose for which femininity is intended, Mildred begins to cry. "'Stop it,' I said. She cried . . . I pummeled my head . . . She stopped crying. I mashed my mouth with my knee. She smiled a little. 'Do it again.'" (It seems so much the thing of a lesser writer to tell us that "Rain drilled the window. Thunder burdened the air," that I choose to think Michaels must be burlesquing these same lesser writers.)

The other love object of "Going Places" is Marjory. Students to whom I read the story called "Sticks and Stones" deduced that the setting must be a small town on the theory that in New York no Marjory would get so much as a tumble. She has a tick and stutters. I can't tell if I invented her lame leg or if it's in the text. She is a city love object. Phillip comes to call. "It was a blind date. She met me at the door and smiled nicely. I could tell she was disappointed."

Men and women exacerbate each other's malaise. In "Finn," Jews uncover each other's bitter Jewishness. In "Mannikin," the two foreigners, a Turk and Wanda Chung, are brutalized by their separation from people

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and language; one turns helplessly bestial, the other goes to earth with her hoard of sweets. And the well-to-do American young fare worst of all.

Critics like compassion in their writers but Leonard Michaels' pity is not the kind that taps those pleasurably painful tears for which we like ourselves; in stories like "A Green Thought" he piles disgust upon disgust, like a man scratching himself bloody to distract himself from the true seat of pain.

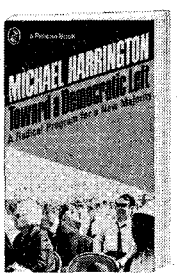
If "Going Places" has an upbeat note it is in the title piece which is a story of rebirth: Beckman, who seemed doomed to the cabdriver's hellish life "cramped, chilled, in a damp sweater and mucky underwear . . . debauched by the night's long, winding, resonant passages and the abuse of a thousand streets," finds salvation by means of a beating that nearly kills and does disfigure him. He wakes to a new life and a new job as a painter's assistant. Here is joy: "[there] burned thirty feet of hot brilliant color. Beckman yearned to participate, confront unpainted steel, paint it, see it become a fresh, different thing as he dissolved into the ritual strokes." "Going Places" is, finally, the journey across a pipe suspended high over a factory floor, the destination is the painter's hand stretched out for a fresh paint can. The final pages of story and book comprise Beckman's long moment of vertigo. "He heard men shout from the platform. 'Don't let go, Beckman.' He did not let go." Beckman is not going anywhere.

Men working together care to call out to one another; a man keeps holding on. That is Michaels' upbeat note. When we read such matter with delight, the writer has done something extraordinary.

Leonard Michaels' writing at its best can be demonstrated not in comparison with another writer but with himself at his worst which is never bad. Such stories as "Isaac," despite wonderful passages, and especially "Intimations" are in a state of raw hysteria. Conversely, the extreme horror of Beckman's cabdriver existence seems falsely whipped up. Lapses strike us because elsewhere the vision is so truly furious and so finely controlled. Again "The Deal" in any other collection would be an admirable tale: A girl bargains for the return of a lost glove in the possession of "a raggedy monster of boys . . . jammed together on the stoop." She is the best possible girl, friendly and gutsy, but the confrontation is too complex – girl versus boys, white vis-à-vis Puerto Rican, adult vis-à-vis a mix of children and young adults, the individual against a crowd. The "raggedy monster" acts *en masse* but unpredictably even to itself, and what might have been a decent, even a charming rapprochement turns ugly – a harbinger of confrontations in store for us all. Michaels cannot do less than see and write with precision. If these sentences seem self-conscious, earthbound with labor, it is because of his spectacular capacity, elsewhere, to get off the ground. He goes to the heart of his matter in a way that makes other writing seem circumstantial. There was Mildred's womb, and here is Max and Sleek in social conversation: "Max said. Sleek said." There are passages where the reader seems almost – never quite – to see how this is done, to watch the writer chase himself from thought to thought, sometimes playfully:

The City Boy has mounted his girl on the living-room carpet with her parents asleep on the other side of the door. ("Phillip, this is crazy," she says from time to time.) Father, in mother's service, comes in and throws Phillip out, "naked as a wolf. I needed poise. . . . I'd walk on my hands. Beards are fashionable. I kicked up my

LOOKING
FORWARD, BACKWARD AND UNDERGROUND



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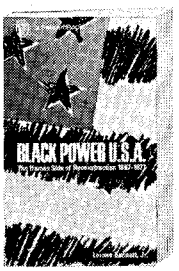

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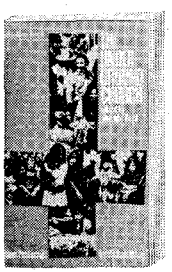

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feet, kicked the elevator button, faced the door and waited. I bent one elbow like a knee. The posture of a clothes model, easy poised. . . ."

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one night in March, a haze
covering the once Imperial city,
the movement from Haydn's quartet
used as anthem by both
Empire and Austrian State,
repeated until dawn.

Thirty years ago
and other anthems followed,
marches, rousing tunes
to heroes in national causes,
rows and rows and rows of helmets.

2.
Private anguish, worldwide disasters,
what do these amount to
when you sleep,
when music takes you back to them,
years having gone by like water,
years having gone by in between?

Names, towns a river flows through,
crisis and events it passes vary,
the water is the same.

3.
How many times
in the midst of some calamity
there opened up before you
a fresh sight of
your first perspective,
a landscape bathed in color,
a sacred strip beneath the parted waves
where you have been,
and you will be again?

ARTHUR GREGOR

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SUMMER SCHEDULE

During the summer months, *The New Republic* will not appear on:

August 9

August 23 September 6

Weekly publication will be resumed with the issue dated September 13

"DR. ROBERT M. HUTCHINS, *the kindly old director of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, has carried out a ruthless purge. A dozen of the fellows have been booted out into the real world, where some of them will no doubt be forced to work for a living. One hopes that this aberration is temporary. Dr. Hutchins certainly cannot mean to change the name to The Center for the Study of Autocratic Institutions.*"

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ABM Debate

Sirs:

As a faculty member at the University of California in Berkeley, a liberal, and a teacher of computer programming, I am sorely distressed when a superior knowledge of computers allows the military to get the best of the liberals in argument. The latest example of this is seen in Ralph E. Lapp's article, "Fear of a First Strike" (June 28, 1969).

"Consider, for example," says Mr. Lapp, "how the Soviet planner must view the first strike against 1,000 silos, using Mr. Foster's launch of 420 SS-9's." Mr. Lapp then raises two objections to Mr. Foster's analysis. The second of these is entirely accurate; the first entirely erroneous. It is a fine point but it is over just such fine points that hearing battles are waged.

The accurate point is that "surely, once the first flight starts impacting, the United States would begin responding. The Soviets would then be targeting 'empty holes.'"

The erroneous point is made earlier. "Suppose," says Mr. Lapp, "350 SS-9's constitute the first strike, then some 800 silos are struck but the rest have to be retargeted. Think what this really means in practice – some SS-9's will fail in the boost-phase, others will fail to MIRV and some will dispatch only one or two MIRV's on course. The attacker has to instantaneously assemble all these data on misfirings and malfunctions, enumerate the silos to be targeted, instruct the second flight of SS-9's and then proceed to launch again. This represents a highly complex and sophisticated attack sequence." It does no such thing. Compared to a FORTRAN compiler, for example, the computer program to implement the attack sequence just described is quite simple. I would estimate it at about 2,000 instructions and 4,000 data words.

Mr. Lapp seems to think more highly of his erroneous argument than he does of his accurate one, since he introduces the whole section by remarking, somewhat sarcastically, that "one-for-one targeting asks the hard-headed military man to invest vast faith in modern technology." In fact, programs run by the military today are of far greater complexity than this. It is true, of course, that any program written for this specific situation would have a fatal flaw, indeed, the flaw which Mr. Lapp mentions: that the US would not "stand still" while all this was going on. The argument, however, could have been better posed.

W. D. Maurer
Department of Electrical Engineering and Computer Science
Berkeley, Calif.

Sirs:

One might have expected public refutation of two sets of calculations by Ralph Lapp to impress upon him the need for precise and careful analysis of so important a subject as the vulnerability of US land-based missiles. Far from being chastened, however, by Lawrence O'Neill, Albert Wohlstetter and Eugene Wigner – before two Congressional committees and the American Physical Society – all of whom pointed to grave errors in his earlier calculations, Dr. Lapp has offered the readers of *The New Republic* (June 28, 1969) the third in a series of careless calculations.

Dr. Lapp's assertion in your pages that 4.4 MIRV's with a CEP of one-half nautical mile are required to give a 95 percent probability of knocking out a hardened Minuteman missile is simply incorrect if we assume that he has used the correct silo hardness. Had he done so he would have discovered that 3 MIRV's are sufficient to give a 96.5 percent probability that the silo would be destroyed. To arrive at Dr. Lapp's figure of 4.4 MIRV's one has to assume a silo hardness at least two-thirds higher than official estimates.

As Dr. Lapp knows the results of such calculations are very sensitive to three factors: accuracy, warhead yield and silo hardness. Nevertheless, in a succession of calculations he has assumed Soviet accuracies ranging from one-fourth of a mile to over one mile, warhead yields varying by 20 percent, and silo hardness ranging from 200 to over 500 psi. The ease with which he varies these critical assumptions is particularly striking in view of the equal ease with which reliable data may be obtained. Moreover, in none of his various computations has he used a set of assumptions either consistent with the others or in accord with any offi-

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cial intelligence estimates. One is forced to agree with Albert Wohlstetter's statement to the Armed Services Committee that "one of the few constants in Dr. Lapp's various calculations appears to be his conclusions."

More disturbing than this triad of slapdash calculations, however, is Dr. Lapp's advocacy of a "launch on warning" doctrine for US land-based missiles. He implies that we should prepare to launch hundreds of nuclear weapons at Soviet cities on the basis of mere radar indications of an attack on US missiles. That he hedges on the question of whether the United States, after deploying the necessary radar network, should *enunciate* such a doctrine, suggests that he is at least dimly aware of the dangerous implications of such a hair-trigger posture.

Successive administrations have sought, wisely and at great expense, to base US retaliatory capabilities on possession of a force able to survive an attack. Even if we were to assume that our Minuteman missiles could be launched in the 25 minutes Dr. Lapp allows, and setting aside the intolerable tensions such a doctrine would generate, it would seem to us to be worth the price of an ABM to avoid a situation in which a decision to destroy the Soviet civilian population would be made in the time it takes to read *The New Republic.*

Richard Perle
Peter Wilson
Committee to Maintain a Prudent Defense Policy
Washington, D. C.

In reply . . .

I'm intrigued that Prof. Maurer should find the retargeting program for a first strike at Minuteman sites "quite simple." Perhaps he is not acquainted with the geographic spread of the Minuteman silos. It is one thing to MIRV-target silos that are close together, but quite another to retarget the "missed" silos, especially when they may be far apart requiring greater propellant expenditure to direct the MIRV. Now, if all one had to do is to observe launch failures and then make up for these losses, retargeting *would* be a simple computational problem. But when SS-9 No. 244 fails to MIRV, and No. 313 sends warheads A on course but B & C off course, and No. 320 fails to telemeter back *any* MIRV data, and No. 339 informs the control center that its MIRVs are only *approximately* on course, one begins to see that the program for retargeting may not be so simple. Moreover, one must consider the systems failures in the second round which require re-retargeting. The second and third round SS-9's would probably throw lower yield warheads than those in the first round, thus imposing greater accuracy requirements on this SS-9 system. The retargeting problem is sufficiently difficult so that the Pentagon opted not to go for such a capability.

In the criticism of Richard Perle and Peter Wilson I find four specifics: 1. *The number of MIRV's required.* I use 4.4; my critics suggest 3 as the correct value. Both are correct. Had the writers read the pertinent paragraph they would understand the difference – my higher figure allows for systems failures. I have been conservative; in practice, I would bet that the Soviets would not get half of their SS-9's to function.

2. *Silo hardness.* Although I do not have access to official intelligence estimates, I use a value of 300 psi for Minuteman hardness in silo. However, as Professor Rathjens, Wiesner and Weinberg point out in their critique (*Congressional Record*, p. S 7552, July 2, 1969) of Mr. Laird's "White ABM Paper" of May 22, Mr. Laird's estimates on Minuteman destruction are ambiguous and could involve a silo hardness in excess of 500 psi.

3. *Varying sets of assumptions.* As more data get smoked out of the Pentagon, I vary my analysis accordingly.

4. *Fire-on-warning.* I believe that my advocacy of a global first strike warning system makes sense, especially when one thinks within the framework of deterrence. Those who favor a "ride it out" philosophy may be thinking in terms of fighting a nuclear war. Since writing about this system, I find that Air Force Secretary Robert C. Seamans, Jr. (speech of June 17, 1969) has disclosed: "We are now working on a satellite early warning system that would detect missiles as they are launched from land and sea."

Ralph E. Lapp

Notes on Contributors

CHARLES THOMAS SAMUELS, *who teaches at Williams College, has just published* John Updike *(University of Minnesota Pamphlets on American Writers).* LORE SEGAL *is the author of* Other People's Houses.

Kauffmann, *from page 24*

tras who fall in slow motion – depersonalized death. His interest is in the ballet, not the bullet, and this insistent esthetics is perhaps the cruelest of all the film's cruelties. The slow-motion snatches are irritating in two ways: first, because they draw our attention to the film as such; second, because Peckinpah is right – right to remind us that more than one prism of vision is possible at every moment of life and that this prism at this moment magnifies the enjoyment of killing.

The context of the film is the supposed passing of an era and the aging of the outlaws. There are conversations between Holden and Borgnine around the campfire in which they talk about the onset of autumn in their careers, and at the end the theme is well utilized. After a night of carousing with a couple of girls, Holden and Borgnine wake up quietly and quietly go off to pay a debt of honor simply because they're too old to care about saving their skins. It's a well-written and well-directed sequence.

But all that concern with transition and aging is essentially artificial. Peckinpah's real interest is in Western space, men moving in it, men fighting in it. The rest is just the dues he pays, quite skillfully, to form. The overriding effect is of a mania, the eccentric passion of a man who has found a medium that perfectly accommodates his passion. He likes killing, and he does it very well. His art makes it so generic, so tribal, that we can't even go through the usual self-flagellation, American style, about our American violence. That would be too easy, Peckinpah seems to say.

The picture ends in laughter. Ryan's band of bounty-hunters are knocked off, so are O'Brien's pals; the two survivors, who were lately enemies, join forces, laughing, using the Mexican peasants' cause as their excuse but knowing it for an excuse. The laughter so closely echoes that of Walter Huston at the end of *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre* that it's almost a quotation, but the ridicule here is not of the vanity of greed but of all absolutes. If the laughter is a bit stagily cynical, that very staginess seems part of the statement.

COMING: Joseph Epstein reviews Lillian Hellman's *An Unfinished Woman: A Memoir*

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